

PZ

3

S5458N

FT MEADE
GenColl







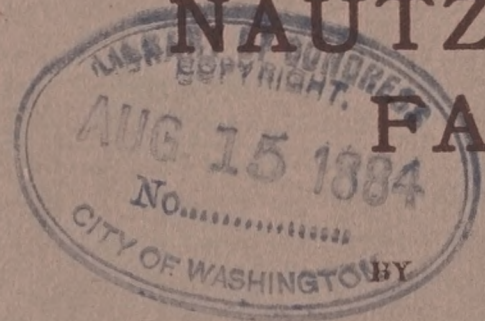
LOVELL'S LIBRARY

A DAILY PUBLICATION OF THE BEST CURRENT & STANDARD LITERATURE



Vol 4. No. 191. Sept. 4, 1883. Annual Subscription, \$50.00.

THE
NAUTZ
FAMILY.



SOUTHWORTH SHELLEY.

Entered at the Post Office, N. Y., as second-class matter.
Copyright, 1883, by JOHN W. LOVELL Co.

NEW YORK
+ JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY +
14 & 16 VESEY STREET.



Best CLOTH BINDING for this volume can be obtained from any bookseller or newsdealer, price 15cts.

LOVELL'S LIBRARY.

CATALOGUE.

1. Hyperion, by H. W. Longfellow...20
2. Outre-Mer, by H. W. Longfellow...20
3. The Happy Boy, by Björnson...10
4. Arne, by Björnson...10
5. Frankenstein; or, the Modern Prometheus, by Mrs. Shelley...10
6. The Last of the Mohicans, by J. Fenimore Cooper...20
7. Clytie, by Joseph Hatton...20
8. The Moonstone, by Collins, Pt I...10
9. The Moonstone, by Collins, Pt II...10
10. Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens...20
11. The Coming Race, by Lytton...10
12. Leila, by Lord Lytton...10
13. The Three Spaniards, by Walker...20
14. The Tricks of the Greeks Unveiled; or, the Art of Winning at every Game, by Robert Houdin...20
15. L'Abbé Constantin, by Halévy...20
16. Freckles, by R. F. Redcliff...20
17. The Dark Colleen, by Harriett Jay...20
18. They Were Married! by Walter Besant and James Rice...10
19. Seekers after God, by Canon Farrar...20
20. The Spanish Nun, by Thos. De Quincey...10
21. The Green Mountain Boys, by Judge D. P. Thompson...20
22. Fleurette, by Eugene Scribe...20
23. Second Thoughts, by Rhoda Broughton...20
24. The New Magdalen, by Wilkie Collins...20
25. Divorce, by Margaret Lee...20
26. Life of Washington, by Henley...20
27. Social Etiquette, by Mrs. W. A. Saville...15
28. Single Heart and Double Face, by Charles Reade...10
29. Irene, by Carl Detlef...20
30. Vice Versâ; or, a Lesson to Fathers, by F. Anstey...20
31. Ernest Maltravers, by Lord Lytton...20
32. The Haunted House and Calderon the Courtier, by Lord Lytton...10
33. John Halifax, by Miss Mulock...20
34. 800 Leagues on the Amazon, being Part I of the Giant Raft, by Jules Verne...10
35. The Cryptogram, being Part II of the Giant Raft, by Jules Verne...10
36. Life of Marion, by Horry and Weems...20
37. Paul and Virginia...10
38. Tale of Two Cities, by Dickens...20
39. The Hermits, by Kingsley...20
40. An Adventure in Thule, and Marriage of Moira Fergus, by Wm. Black...10
41. A Marriage in High Life, by Octave Feuillet...20
42. Robin, by Mrs. Parr...20
43. Two on a Tower, by Thomas Hardy...20
44. Rasselas, by Samuel Johnson...10
45. Alice, or, the Mysteries, being Part II of Ernest Maltravers...20
46. Duke of Kandos, by A. Matthey...20
47. Baron Munchausen...10
48. A Princess of Thule, by Wm. Black...20
49. The Secret Despatch, by Grant...20
50. Early Days of Christianity, by Canon Farrar, D.D., Part I...20
51. Early Days of Christianity, by Canon Farrar, D.D., Part II...20
52. Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith...10
53. Progress and Poverty, by Henry George...20
54. The Spy, by J. Fenimore Cooper...20
55. East Lynne, by Mrs. Henry Wood...20
56. A Strange Story, by Lord Lytton...20
57. Adam Bede, by Geo. Eliot, Part I...15
58. Adam Bede, by Geo. Eliot, Part II...15
59. The Golden Shaft, by Gibbon...20
60. Portia, or, By Passions Rocked, by The Duchess...20
61. Last Days of Pompeii, by Lytton...20
62. The Two Duchesses, being the sequel to the Duke of Kandos, by A. Matthey...20
63. Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby...20
64. The Wooing O't, by Mrs. Alexander, Part I...15
65. The Wooing O't, by Mrs. Alexander, Part II...15
66. The Vendetta, Tales of Love and Passion, by Honoré de Balzac...20
67. Hypatia, by Rev. Kingsley, Part I...15
68. Hypatia, by Kingsley, Part II...15
69. Selma, by Mrs. J. Gregory Smith...15
70. Margaret and her Bridesmaids...20
71. Horse Shoe Robinson, Part I...15
72. Horse Shoe Robinson, Part II...15
73. Gulliver's Travels, by Dean Swift...20
74. Amos Barton, by George Eliot...10
75. The Berber, by W. E. Mayo...20
76. Silas Marner, by George Eliot...10
77. The Queen of the County...20
78. Life of Cromwell, by Paxton Hood...15
79. Jane Eyre, by Charlotte Brontë...20
80. Child's History of England, by Charles Dickens...20
81. Molly Bawn, by The Duchess...20
82. Pillone, by William Bergsøe...15
83. Phyllis, by the Duchess...20
84. Romola, by George Eliot, Part I...15
85. Romola, by George Eliot, Part II...15
86. Science in Short Chapters...20
87. Zanoni, by Lord Lytton...20
88. A Daughter of Heth, by W. Black...20
89. The Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible, by Rev. R. Heber Newton...20
90. Night and Morning, by Lord Lytton, Part I...15
91. Night and Morning, by Lord Lytton, Part II...15

THE NAUTZ FAMILY

SOUTHWORTH SHELLEY.

40

NEW YORK:
JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY,
14 & 16 VESEY STREET.

1883

PZ3

, S5458 N

DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY BELOVED GRANDMOTHER,

MARY SHELLEY,

THIS HISTORY IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED,

BY

NAUTZ NAUTZ.

Copyright, 1883, by

JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY.

THE NAUTZ FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

“OF making many books, there is no end,” said the Preacher ; had he said “sorrowful books,” it appears to me, he would have rung the key-note to the melancholy of the general American temperament.

Months since—after the fashion of popular authors—I began to weave into shape a ponderous and I might say posthumous tragedy, the weight of which so laid upon and oppressed me, that I put it aside for a little space, to gain fresh strength and courage ; when all at once, a sort of “special providence” proved to me conclusively, that if by any chance, I could make humanity laugh, instead of weep, I should do it a much more lasting benefit.

Yesterday, as I passed through the sitting-room, I came upon “THE NEW BABY”—of whom I shall speak later—with her bronze slippers resting upon the

steel bar of the fender ; alternately looking into the grate and embroidering a motto for the new establishment, which she proposes to set up in the Spring.

When I looked over her shoulder to see the design, she held it up, and instead of " God bless our Home " as I expected—it read—" Eat, Drink, and be Merry."

I was struck as it were, " all of a heap," and without a word I walked away, with a big thought which has worked itself into the shape which follows.

I do not claim, be it remembered, that we five, were in any way unusual children, but, there being such an army of us, I *do* think it may in some measure amuse the public, to know something of the ways in which we kept our parents from stagnation ; and whipped the entire household into a syllabub of excitement.

St. Jerome, appearing first, gained the advantage over Frantztony Nautz and Nautz Nautz—the names are of *his* making, the last being my own—who arrived respectively, two and four years later.

I am, however, enabled to give a tolerably correct statement of his sayings and doings, up to the time of my own advent ; because of the innumerable times Aunt Peggy the nurse, with a broad smile beautifying her dear old homely face ; has recounted " Master St. Jerome's smartness," to my baby ears.

* * * * *

There was immense amusement and excitement up and down the principal business square of Woodstock.

A small figure, in a blue sailor suit, was seen walking demurely up the street, minutely studying the signs.

Finally it stopped and began to spell—"R. T. S-m-i-t-h—BROWN."

Having satisfied his mind upon the correctness of the name, he walked into the store, pulled a package of old envelopes out of his pocket ; threw back the curtain of his sun-bonnet, which being put on in evident haste was "wrong side foremost," and with a critical eye, but highly intelligent look, ran over the papers, seized the end of one : drew it out of the rubber band ; and handed it with a bow to the proprietor—SMITH.

"Your bill Mr. Brown ; please settle."

"All right, Jerome ; who sent you ?"

"Papa's busy, and I thought I'd come," evasively.

"What a help you must be to papa." Then with a quizzical look at the clerks who stood about, smiling at the "cuteness" of this epitome of man, he said "I'll give you a check on the bank ; will that do ?"

"Yes, sir ; suit yourself," said St. Jerome.

The spurious check received, the small youth placed it inside an old, apoplectic pocket-book, mainly filled with bright pebbles, pewter medals, and pieces of whipcord, with bent pins attached, swept a complaisant bow, to all who stood around and left. By this time, laughing faces were visible at every store door. One asked of another, "What's the fun !" and received

the answer, "St. Jerome's out collecting ; pay up gentlemen."

And so he went from one to another, receiving here a few pennies, and there another check, until having nearly reached the end of the square, he stepped into a store, picked his way daintily between the rows of oil barrels and rolls of leather, threw up his bonnet curtain, and confronted—papa.

With one shriek he turns, and is off like a deer ; papa after him in bare head and shirt sleeves.

The cash boys scream "stop thief !" St. Jerome hears the cry and makes his little legs fly until they look like animated clothespins. The clerks shout with laughter, at the unequal race ; the proprietors clap their hands and urge him to fresh zeal. Papa is in a foam ; the Doctor is still fresh ; he reaches the corner, what now ? He surely will not attempt to cross through all that pack of drays and carriages, express wagons and coaches ; and here comes a drove of pigs—the Doctor's greatest terror is for pigs. Will he brave them ?

You don't know the pluck of the average American boy.

This is the crisis, will he yield ? Not a jot.

With one gulp, pluck swallows fear, and he dives under a standing horse, dashes into the drove, creating a perfect stampede among the animals ; and urged on by a burly druggist—the giant of Woodstock—who

stands in his door, clapping and shouting, "Run! Jerome, run in here and hide."

With one last effort, he plunges through the struggling, squealing porcine trotters, rushes between the giant's legs, tears around the counter, and curls up among the paint pots; just as papa steaming and blowing comes up, shaking his fist at the giant, while he cries between laughter and exhaustion,—

"You rascal, how *dare* you encourage disobedience in that way?"

The huge druggist blocks up his doorway, whilst he says,—

"See here, Simon, you've got to promise me one thing before I let you in!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Don't punish that boy. I won't stand it. He is the smartest boy in the town for his age; and to see him brave those pigs, while his little heart was in his mouth, all the time, was punishment enough for once. Besides, we all urged him on, so let him go."

"It's bad discipline, he will be unmanageable by and by," said papa, shaking his head.

"Not a bit of it; will you promise?"

"I promise not to whip him."

"All right; St. Jerome come here."

Doc. crept from under the counter, with soiled dress, and smeared face, and came slowly forward,

"St. Jerome," said papa severely, "how did you get up town?"

"I walked!"

"You young scamp, I know that. Who came with you?"

"I comed wis myself."

"Did mamma know it?"

"N-o-o-o."

"What did you run away for?"

"Didn't runned away, I walked."

"What did you do it for?"

"T'c'lect bills."

"What?"

"T'c'lect bills."

"He means, to collect bills," interposed the druggist.

"Didn't you know that was bad in you?"

"N-o-o-o. I'se tired; an I didn't have no one to play wis—'cas Franztony's sleep; and mamma's gone out; an' nurse sed, "Go way you bad boy" an' I goed."

"What made nurse call you a bad boy?"

"'Cos she sed her back ached, an' I went an' gotted some grease, an' rubbed it, an' she wasn't glad a bit—she jus sed, "Go way you bad boy, you've spiled my new caliker."

"I should think so," said papa.

And then he took Doc by the hand, led him down

street to the store, got his hat and coat, and took that young gentleman home, where a great excitement had broken out upon the discovery of his absence. The cistern and well had been examined; the neighborhood searched; and Uncle Jack white with terror, had already started for the store, when he met the delinquent being brought back.

St. Jerome appeared about as penitent as small boys usually do for delinquencies, and manifested his regret by curling on mamma's lap and saying,—

“Tell about the Probable Son.”

This being the stereotyped story which always ended up his badness. The moral which was drawn at its conclusion, proved to poor St. Jerome, that no boy who ran away, had any right to expect to take his beloved wheelbarrow and whip to bed with him that night. So he sobbed himself to sleep, after this most unique prayer,—

“Now, I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep—to keep to—keep—Oh! I'll black your boots an' make 'em shine. An' only charge you half a dime.”

Whereupon he tumbled into bed, but scrambled out immediately, to add,—

“Please, Lord, take good care of the wheelbarrow, and don't let Johnnie Clark steal my whip, 'cos he sed he would, amen.”

Whilst Frantzony remarked solemnly from her crib:

"Auntie Peg ain't J'rome a badder boy than he uster was?"

Which question Aunt Peg could not answer, for fear of laughing and so went quickly downstairs to relate this last cuteness of Master St. Jerome's.

It had been decreed by mamma that Doc, for punishment, should be made to go without his shoes and stockings next day; knowing well that ten circuses and a hippodrome couldn't get him outside the gate in that disgraceful condition.

So he ran about in the house until he couldn't stand *that* any longer; then he went into the backyard, where he walked about in the grass, in mortal terror of the wasps and bees, and finally found his way to where mamma sat in the shady piazza sewing.

Lying down on the floor, he seemed to drop into what Aunt Peggy called one of his "thinkin' ways," now and then giving a rousing slap at his feet. Presently he eased his mind of its burden in these words, "Mamma, do you think there are enny flies in the bad place?"

"I don't know, Jerome."

"Why don't you know?"

Mamma tried to explain.

"Why can't somebody what's been there tell?"

Mamma tried to make that lucid, when he burst out with,—

"Well, I jus' hope if there are enny flies in the bad place, they'll all get their feet burnt off"

Presently the sun began to drop behind the apple trees, and the honeysuckle vines cast long dancing shadows on the piazza floor; then mamma began to fold up her work, and reached down for her basket preparatory to going in; when, lo! she found that Master Doc's small teeth had been busily engaged upon her nice cake of white wax, and every spool in the basket had been notched by "that eternal jack-knife," which had evidently often missed the mark and dug deep into the thread, leaving the basket full of cotton rings.

"Oh, Jerome!" groaned my long-suffering mother, "what shall I do with you?"

"'Spect you'd better drown me, an' be done wif me," answered Doc reflectively.

"What made you cut my thread?"

"Didn't cut it, th' 'tarnal ole jack-knife gouged it."

"I will have to give the jack-knife away to some little boy who knows how to use it."

"Let *me* give it away, mamma."

Mamma turned and looked at Doc, still complacently lying at her side; not really certain that she had rightly understood that young gentleman; for that knife was to him what the first jack-knife is to every boy with the full possession of his five senses. Therefore, when he calmly repeated, "Let *me* give it away, mamma," she answered with pleased alacrity,

"Why, of course I will, Jerome. Give it to some poor little boy who wants it ever so badly."

"I jus' know a boy what's like that."

And so it proved; for inside of a half hour Doc made his appearance in the dining-room, where mamma was busy, and held up a huge knife with four blades, a corkscrew, a file, and various other attachments.

"Where did you get that thing, Jerome?"

"'Tisn't a thing, it's a knife. Patsy gimme it, I tole you I knowed a boy what wanted a jack-knife *bad*. See here, mam, this here's to pull teef," showing the corkscrew; "this thing grinds blades sharp," opening the file; "this cuts buckon holes, an' all the rest on 'em do heaps an' piles of things."

"And one of the first things will be to cut your fingers," answered mamma with a shiver.

"Bully for Patsy," was all Doc's answer. And then he was sent to the pantry to get something, and remaining much longer than was necessary, mamma called, "St. Jerome!"

"Yes, 'm," spluttered Doc.

"Bring the cream pitcher, quickly."

And then she heard Doc cough and gurgle and choke, and running to the door she found that young man doubled up on the floor, purple in the face, with plum juice on his face and a plum stone in his throat. He was pounded on the back, strangled with water,

had every finger in the house run down his windpipe, in the attempt to dislodge it, when, finally, being carried into the yard coughing violently, the plum stone flew out, when poor Doc gasped,—

“Does ev’ry boy what steals get choked wis the plum stones?”

“It is best not to steal, Doc, because it is wicked, and God won’t love you.”

“Yes, an’ God better jest think it hurts too,” remarked Doc.

“Poor little boy,” said papa, who just then came upon the scene, “it is so hard to be good, and older people than you try no harder and succeed less.”

And then he picked him up and carried him, soiled pinafore, stained face, ruffled hair and all, into the parlor, where he sat down in a great, easy chair, and rocked slowly, keeping time to the heart-breaking wail of, “Oh! Absalom, Absalom, my son, my son!” until the weary little head lay upon his breast with closed eyes and tear-stained lashes; and poor Doc had reached the end of his day of punishment.

CHAPTER II.

WE are all undoubtedly born with some mission to perform ; *mine* I learned early, was *to tell the truth*. For I never told a falsehood in my life, but that the *truth* tripped me up in the end, and made an abominable *exposé* of all that was to have been kept secret.

Hence, when I state that it was about this period of Doc's existence that I made my first appearance upon the stage, to cast my small lights and shades upon the picture ; give my small splashes to the scenery ; and save Doc from the fatal ending of many a score ; following in the footsteps of the renowned G. W., the father of all truth-tellers, I will also state that I *do not* remember the night upon which I was born—how I came to know that my mother cut her hand with the butcher knife the night previous, is no business of the reader's. But, having referred to the calendar of births in the family Bible, and having my memory, where defective, jogged by the family chronologist, I am enabled to say that it was my role from the first to take them by surprise.

This point, I am glad to state, I gained, by choosing

a night when winter had all the earth by the ears ; and a keen north wind had drifted the snow until the roads were almost impassable and at the very least dangerous. The wide old-fashioned chimney sucked up the flames with delight, after they had danced and curveted, and reflected demon faces in the brass andirons ; and every one congratulated himself as he drew up to the fire, that nothing kept *him* out on such a night.

But, just to prove how liable humanity is to mistakes, no sooner had all “settled themselves for a long winter nap,” than papa went to my uncle’s door and said apologetically, which was altogether unnecessary,—

“Joe, it’s an awful night.”

And Joe responded, “We agreed upon that an hour ago, Simon.”

“Are you asleep?” ventured papa, not knowing how to open the subject.

“Yes, and dreaming,” answered Joe.

“Well, then,” said papa, boldly walking across the room and shaking him, whilst he whispered in his ear loud enough for the rest of the house to hear,—

“Well then, Joe, Leah’s sick, and you must go for the doctor.”

“Oh, ho !” shouted Joe, “that’s a horse of another color.”

And bounded out of bed ; dressed rapidly ; went

down to the kitchen, raked up the fire, piled on fresh wood, swung on the kettle, called up the back stairs for Aunt Peggy ; and having chased my father, who had been walking aimlessly about, watching his movements, back into the bedroom, he caught up and lighted an old-fashioned lantern, tucked his pants into his boots, buttoned his great coat, and went with great swinging strides out to the stable, where mamma's own horse was saddled and led out in less time than it takes to write it.

I have heard him say many a time, that he never remembered anything about those three toilsome miles ride ; being taken up entirely with encouraging his noble steed, and with the fear that the family physician, who was already descending the shady slope of life, would scarcely dare to venture out on such a night.

But finally, reaching the first half of his journey, he rang the bell, and not waiting an answer, called immediately up the speaking tube,—

“ Come quickly doctor, Mrs. Simon De Graff is ill,” expecting to hear the old doctor roar back, “ I have the rheumatism, and can't sit a horse to-night, go for my partner ;” but, instead, this roar came,—

“ I'm coming at once ; the child that has the hardihood to enter life on a night like *this* deserves consideration ; come in and warm, while I get ready.”

Uncle Joe, has mentioned the fact in my hearing,

scores of times, that it blew "great guns" on their return, hence I am convinced on that head, however dim my memory may be on other points.

Master Doc being taken next morning to see "the little new sister God had sent in the night," was lifted on the bed, kissed and stroked mamma's cheek,—for Doc's heart was the tenderest thing ever made—then leaned over to see the "cunnin' thing." He examined me most critically and finally asked, "Where's her hair, Aunt Peg?" and being told that I had none, answered with surprise, "Hah? I don't think God's so very rich if he couldn't give her no switch; but mamma, you lend her your pretty curls, 'til God sends her one."

The hair question settled to his satisfaction, he looked in the small mirror and gasped, "Aunt Peg, she's swallowed her teeth," and broke out into a great roar. Upon this point he was not so easily pacified, but being promised a hobby-horse if he would be a good boy, he turned a summersault off the bed, ran into the nursery, and soon came galloping back with the "wheelbarrer and whip," shouting,—

"Now, then, Aunt Peg, put her in an' I'll give her a ride."

The combined expostulations and explanations of mamma and Aunt Peggy were scarcely sufficient to quiet Doc on this score, and he ended by saying,—

"I wouldn't break her, an' I do jus' wish God had sent her growed up an' a *real bad 'un* too!"

"Why do you want her to be a 'real bad one,' Jerome," asked mamma.

"'Cos, then I wouldn't feel *so bad when I was bad*. Frantztony she's jus' as good as good, an' never gets scolded, nor spanked, nor put in the closet, nor her face washed all the time; nor patches on her knees; nor swallows plum stones; nor bare feet; nor wasps; nor whip stole, nor nothin' an' "

Here Doc broke down and boo-hoed with genuine unction.

Having reasoned it out, in later years, I have not a doubt, but that the new soul in my pusillanimous atom of a body, comprehended poor Doc's woe and need at that time, and became a "real bad 'un" on the spot for some wise purpose.

Not that we were ever, what the people we worried and badgered could with truth call *wicked*, but we worked in unison, concentrated our forces, united our judgments and efforts, and with superior inventive and imaginative powers, were thereby enabled to produce the largest results from this co-operation.

By the time I was three years old, I fully comprehended that Frantztony was "good."

Every one said so and patted her on the head, twisted her curls around their fingers, admiring their beauty and gloss; kissed her from admiration, and

gave her pennies which she always refused ; whereas their admiration and praise were redoubled and the pennies finally thrust into her apron pocket.

I haven't a doubt to-day, but finding that that move worked so well at the first trial, that she made a stock point of refusing them. Not that she ever gave me such assurance, but only that time and experience have proved the "total depravity" problem to perfection in my own and Doc's cases, and I see no possible reason for its not holding good in Frantztony's also.

Her steady tendency toward everything that was dutiful and good, and our tendency to go in a corresponding ratio in the opposite direction, was, to say the least, most aggravating to our infant minds.

We never quarrelled with her for being always *out of* a scrape when we were in, or went so far as to slap her in a fit of spleen, but that she immediately betook herself to the gooseberry bushes under which she crept, and tuned her small voice to some Sunday-school hymn.

Whoever taught her that way of returning "good for evil," can assure himself of the double-distilled extract of my contempt ; for the remembrance riles me yet, proving, as you see, the old Presbyterian doctrine of—depravity.

Frantztony being from her infancy wise in Bible lore, had the commandments, catechism, golden-rule, Lord's prayer, fifth chapter of Matthew, and the one

hundred and nineteenth psalm from Aleph to Tan at the tip of her tongue ; and consequently carried off all the first prizes at Sunday-schools ; besides being publicly praised for diligence, and held up as an example to all sluggards at memorizing. In truth, I do solemnly assure the public, that I do not believe any family could give a showing of more than one such prodigy—for the reason that all the *good* and religion in the parents must unite to burst finally into this one blossom. Hence, my reader can readily deduce a reason for the lack of these things in Doc and Nautz Nautz.

CHAPTER III.

I, THEODORA, alias Nautz Nautz, alias Dick, being in "cahoots" with the Doctor from the first, it of course follows that his beliefs, conclusions, doubts, were in the main mine also. And having been born to aid and abet his early efforts, it is not in the least surprising that having so much of the true "Tom-boy" mixed with my femininity, I soon learned to abjure all girls as tame, washed-out things, and to believe in and cling with a child's strong faith to the out-cropping decision and strength of the "coming man" in St. Jerome.

Hence, by the time I was five years of age, the intrinsic value of dollies was much below par with me. While Frantztony Nautz had always a long row of wax and putty-faced babies, dressed by her own fingers, ready for exhibition. For me, I had too much to do, to keep up with St. Jerome, to waste time upon such frivolity as dolls.

He being some four years my senior, the difficulty with which I grappled is readily understood by the thinking public.

How, with our native proclivities for mischief, we ever fell heirs to such incongruous names, as St. Jerome and Theodora, has always been a subject of mystery, and amusement to me.

The only explanation I have for the matter is, the fact of our having been christened in infancy, before we had had a fair showing.

But having had time to fully demonstrate our unique bent, it may have been for this reason, that, as a general thing our real names were dropped, and the "nicknames" of Doctor and Nautz Nautz, or Dick, were substituted. From this misapplication of names has evolved a theory of my own, which develops favorably the older I grow; the principal point in it requires that the child shall be *christened without a name*, allowed to exhibit his predilections, find his own bent and *name himself*.

The only difficulty I encounter is in the fact, that every child born, would probably go by the title of "*Baby*" until such time as he or she attained a fair age, and there might possibly in time, grow to be too many "*Babies*" to distinguish any given one. However, I believe even this difficulty might be overcome, if a few of our wise heads were to take up and discuss the subject.

Grandmamma Shelley lived at Hillsboro, a distance of some fifteen miles by stage from Woodstock. Now to go to grandmamma's was the delight of our

lives. Therefore, when papa was called away, by business, for some weeks, he suggested that mamma should take us children and go home.

The mere idea was entrancing. Frantztony immediately sat down and sung the hymn book through. Doc dashed to the nursery, and inside of ten minutes, had all of his belongings piled in the wheelbarrow ready for transportation. I pirouetted about the room, until the ecstasy grew too big for my body, and flying out of the door, still on my toes, climbed to the topmost branch of a small cherry tree, where I still sat, swayed and rocked by the wind—which always made me mad with delight—until Aunt Peggy came to the door, adjusted her glasses, and cried,—

“Now then, you child, whatever are you a doing up there? come down quick, before you break your bones, the wind’s a blowin’ awful.” As if the wind or all the elements combined, for that matter, with which I came into the world in co-partnership could or would hurt me!

Bah! I swung my feet loose, twisted off a dead twig and flung it down at her with the words,—

“Nothin’ll hurt *me*, Aunt Peg, I’s born lucky.”

“Massy sakes, who told you that, child?”

“The *Mammy Witch*.”

“Sakes alive, where did you see her?”

“Promised not to tell. Look here Aunt Peggy.”

I swung myself around, dropped my feet on to the

next lower branch, catching dextrously with my hands the one I had left, and thus proceeding reached the ground safe and nimbly as a cat ; while Aunt Peggy had turned white with fear and stood glued to the doorstep with amaze. From that moment I think that Aunt Peggy looked upon me with a sort of awe, and a belief that I really held conference with evil spirits of some sort ; which had taken me under their protection and would not suffer harm or molestation to reach me, for all of my pranks. Henceforth, she treated me with a much greater degree of deference, and a little spasm of fear ran over her countenance whenever I threatened to tell my " Mammy Witch " of anything she said or did.

But I digress from the point of how Doc came by his name.

The longed-for day came at last. Mamma, St. Jerome, Frantztony and myself, were safely stowed in the stage, with much fuss, and many queer exclamations, which created a good-deal of merriment among the passengers ; and we were finally off to that dear haven of all my sweetest and tenderest memories—grandmamma's.

How glorious the day was ! All along the roadside the grass lay like velvet, sheared close by the grazing cattle ; while over the worm fences, and making dainty bowers over many a decaying stump, climbed

the wild sweetbriar roses, sending puffs of delicious fragrance through the stage windows.

Music and perfume have always had the subtlest power over me. I believe if I were dying, the grand deep notes of the cathedral organ, moaning, quavering and rocking up to the dome, could bring me back to life. As for perfumes, I have but to close my eyes and inhale the delicious fragrance of the white rose, and I am straightway transported to heaven.

Doc exhibited his delight of the change from the driver's seat by snapping with his whip at every fly which alighted on the horses, and telling wonderful things to that Jehu.

Frances, otherwise Frantztony, showed her pleasure by singing softly,—

“ I'm glad I'm in this army.”

I knelt on the seat, with my chin on the window, the tears rolling down my cheeks, and my handkerchief stuffed into my mouth, lest my silent ecstasy should find an outlet in sobs.

Going to grandmamma's ! Dear grandmamma, whose lovely face was bordered with the dainty lace ! and to see Uncle Ulric and Aunt Dora ! How delightful and entrancing ! And ere the whole beauty of the thought could be taken in and digested mentally, here we were rolling into the town and up the street which led to the dear old home, a mile further out.

And there is grandma, with her glasses poised upon her shapely nose, and the lovely blue eyes searching the passengers from her door, on the look-out for her three "babies."

And here comes Aunt Dora, dainty and trim and *petite*—dear Aunt Dora—how many wonderful things she taught us and did for us in those days.

Ah, here is Uncle Ulric too, with his mop of beautiful curls, which I so long to dip my hands into. Now he catches us one after the other in his strong arms and carries us to the door where the others wait; and all talking at once in a grand, universal, combined uproar, we move in a solid phalanx to the sitting-room. It takes very few moments to toss off hats and summer wraps, and away we go, dancing after Uncle Ulric; while grandmamma and Aunt Dora take possession of mamma.

First to the dear old red barn with its queer-pointed roof. Here stand the horses, each one in his stall, just as though they had never stirred since our last visit. And there is Blossom, and Beauty, and Lady Bess, each chewing her cud and chained to her rack, ready for milking. Here we go up the ladder to the loft, where the clover and hay reaches the roof in heaps of sweetest odor; and now Jerome shouts, "I've found a hen's nest!" And forthwith gathers the eggs into his best straw hat; and we all scramble over the hay in search of other nests, when suddenly

the great bell hanging at the kitchen door proclaims "supper," and we slide down the clover waves and run to see which shall reach the ladder and be down first.

St. Jerome, being nimblest, gains the day, but stopping, ere half down, shouts,—

"Never mind, girls, we'll all start to onc't, when you get down."

Then we stand in a row outside the barn door ; St. Jerome spits on his hands and counts, "one, two, three, ready !" and away we go ; two streaks of lightning and a thunderbolt ; Frantztony being the thunderbolt, because she always puffed and grumbled, and never held out long on a run.

Doc and Nautz-Nautz came in ahead as usual, with much screaming and laughter ; while Frantztony trots puffing after with the eggs in Doc's hat. We had forgotten them ; *she* never forgot anything.

Having once apologized to the reader for this tendency of mine to "fly the track," I desire that he will allow said apology to stand permanently, that I may not hereafter be hampered with any further need of that kind.

I go now immediately to my story.

CHAPTER IV.

THE first day or two was sunny and bright and glorious, and found us everywhere ; but most in the barn-trying all manner of ridiculous and dangerous things-

Once, I know, being on a sort of side mow, which had no connection with the main loft, the heavy ladder which ascended slipped aside, just as St. Jerome reached the floor, and it was impossible for him to replace it. Boy like he dared me to jump.

The distance was full twelve feet, and I, madcap that I was, never "took a dare."

I stood for a moment thinking, then began to heave down small armsfull of hay, and not being able to come close to the edge to see how much was necessary to make a soft fall, and fearing Doc would call me a coward, I drew in my breath, took a step back and a spring forward, and came down with a thud on the barn floor.

Frantztony gathered up her patchwork and trotted to the house to tell.

Doc turned white as a sheet, and I lay still. Inside of three minutes, the house had emptied itself into the barn, and all stood over me with lamentations, when

suddenly I sprang up, shook myself free, and was off with a shout, barely escaping Uncle Ulric, who cried after me,—

“Never mind, you small 'possum, you'll be settled with yet,” and I was. Q. E. D.

From that hour I went by the name of Dick.

But there soon came a rainy day, when we were forbidden to go outside the house door, and then came the trying time to St. Jerome and me. We were, however, given free access to the garret, and there such a heaven of delight unfolded itself to our eyes, that it took full half a day to exhaust the old spinning wheel, reel, carder, and various other things new to us.

But dinner over, we resolved to try something altogether new; therefore we betook ourselves to mamma's bedroom and called in Frantztony, who, with all her other good qualities, united a sort of blind obedience, to whatever we forced upon her, so long as she herself was the only sufferer. We told her our plan.

St. Jerome was to be the physician, we the patients. Frantztony acquiesced, was laid on the lounge and covered. I, with my arm in a sling and my foot muffled, sat in mamma's rocking chair: St. Jerome went outside the door and knocked.

In a weak voice Frantztony said, “Come in.” St. Jerome entered, hat in hand, with his pockets well

stuffed with mamma's perfume bottles and a lot of empty pill boxes.

He asked in a sympathetic tone, "How do you find yourselves, ladies?" and we both groaned "Very poorly."

He felt Frantztony's pulse, looked at his watch, rolled up his eyes and said,—

"Frightfully rapid, a high fever," which was scarcely to be wondered at, considering that she was covered with two blankets and a patchwork quilt, on the tenth of July. "What is the matter with me," moaned she, more than half believing herself sick.

"Disordered stomach," answered the physician. Thereupon, he pulled out the bottles, set them down with emphasis; drew out the pill boxes, shook them until he really found one with something in it; opened it, stepped to the lounge and told Frantztony to open her mouth, which she dutifully obeyed.

He dropped a pill, and she swallowed it; another and she swallowed; another and she gagged; a fourth and she protested, "Oh! Jerome, I don't want any more!"

"But you *must* or you'll die!"

Death, she could not contemplate with equanimity, and the fourth pill disappeared. A fifth was disposed of, after much perseverance on the physician's part. A sixth was held ready, when the door opened, and in walked grandma, Uncle Ulric and mamma.

"See here, Leah," said uncle, "didn't I tell you there was mischief on hand, or the house wouldn't have been so still?"

"What are you doing St. Jerome?"

"Frantztony's sick and I'm giving her medicine!"

"What's the matter with her?"

Then St. Jerome gave a diagnosis of her disease, in terms learned from the family physician.

They could not help but laugh.

"And what is the matter with Dick?"

"Oh! she's got yellow janders, frozen feet, dislocated ancle, sprained wrist, and consumption."

"Is *that* all?" shouted the whole party.

"Now then, young gentleman, if you don't 'cut and run,' I'll make you take the rest of these pills," said Uncle Ulric.

But St. Jerome, was out of hearing before he had finished, and he was ever afterward "the DOCTOR" among the entire relationship, which name I have given him throughout this history, because long usage has made it almost impossible to call him anything else~

CHAPTER V.

JUST here began a new phase in the small lives of Doc, Frantztony and Nautz Nautz.

Just when mamma began to talk about leaving for home, a letter came from papa, telling of a contemplated trip to England, upon business, which might for aught he could say, detain him a year. He thereupon suggested that we children should remain with grandmamma, whilst mamma went home; saw to the storing of the household goods; dismissed the servants--all but Aunt Peggy, who being part and parcel of the family, was not to be done without--and made due arrangements for all things during his absence; when he would return with her to say good-bye.

I remember that seemed an awful time to me.

If they had lifted me up to look upon papa in his coffin, he could never have seemed more absolutely dead and separated from me, than the awful waters of the Atlantic were about to make him.

I know he came with mamma and stayed over night; and grandmamma cried and Aunt Dora cried,

and Frantztony cried ; and whenever I came upon mamma unexpectedly, she had her face in her hands ; and Uncle Ulric's face was very solemn, and his hair curled more than ever ; and Doc forgot to whistle or dance, and a sepulchral gloom settled down over the whole house, and I was utterly quenched.

Then the next morning, a white horse ready saddled was led to the door, and papa kissed and hugged us all, and walked down the gravel path to the gate ; but turning to look at us, saw mamma drop back into Uncle Ulric's arms, whereupon he flew to us again, and the whole scene was repeated ; until finally, uncle pushed him out of the door, saying, "For God's sake, go, Simon." And papa mounted the white horse and rode away. Whereupon the idea burnt itself into my brain that that white horse was to bear him gallantly across the waters ; but the odds in my mind were a dozen to ten whether he would sink or swim.

However, having confided my doubts to Doc, a queer look stole over his face ; but he encouraged me in the belief. I remained steadfast and faithful to papa at least, inasmuch as the first thing I did in the morning and the last one at night, was to go to the gate, and look long and anxiously up and down the road for the appearance of the wonderful white horse.

Then a letter came ; a great fat, jolly letter, with three great blotches of red sealing-wax on the under

side, and on the upper ever so many yellow stamps with the Queen's head upon them.

I asked Doc why they didn't put papa's or any other man's head on them, instead of the Queen's, but he told me the English were a queer sort of people, so bloodthirsty and dreadful, that they had beheaded and beheaded, until there wasn't a man left with a head on, and that accounted for the stamps bearing the Queen's head.

What papa could want in such a country was really more than I could account for, and a new fear immediately seized me, that perhaps they would behead *him*; he being a handsome man, and so big that he could not possibly hide his head.

But when the letter, being first read by mamma, was re-read to the whole family in conclave, and papa never said a word upon the subject, but told instead how well he had been received and how kind every one was to him, I became reassured at once and began with Doc's help, to brew small mischiefs, with past assiduity and skill.

There was one place where Frantztony and myself had been forbidden to go, without being under the especial espionage of some of the elders.

This was humiliating in the extreme to me; to feel that Doc was allowed to venture upon ground where so grave and steady a person as myself was forbidden. The place was the old saw mills; where I had seen

Uncle Ulric and the men place the great log ; set the saw and finally start it ; at such times as auntie or mamma had fast hold of my hand. But the delight for which I longed, was to go *alone*.

I was fully aware that it would go hard with me if I ventured by myself ; so, after due consideration, I determined to persuade Frantztony into the scheme.

We were sitting upon a pile of hay on the barn floor. I was making a bouquet of dried clover heads ; Frantztony was putting together gorgeous blocks of blue and yellow, green and red, for her patchwork quilt.

“I say, Frantztony, I’m ever so tired.”

“Go to sleep,” answered she, laconically.

“Can’t, ’cause your needle hurts my eyes.”

“Shut ’em.”

“That don’t do any good. *I* can see through the lids.”

“Put your apern over ’em.”

“Can see thro’ *that*, too.”

“Ain’t you tellin’ a fib ?”

“No, sir, I ain’t !”

“Then I’ll put up my work,” said she, with a sigh. I lay very still for a few moments, watching her out of the corner of my eye and revolving how to proceed.

Finally a little soft chuckle drew her attention and she said,

“Thought you were goin’ to sleep.”

"I was just thinkin' how funny uncle looked this mornin', when he went to put on his boots."

"What was the matter with 'em?"

"Didn't you know what Doc and me did with all them quarts and quarts of fireflies?"

"No!"

"We put 'em in the boots!"

"You're wicked."

"No we ain't; we just put 'em in easy and put a paper on top, to keep 'em in."

Here a gleam of interest showed itself in Frantz-
tony's face, and she asked,—

"What did uncle do?"

"He took off the papers and said, 'I wonder who did that?' and then a heap of fireflies came crawling out, and his curls stood up and he looked so funny; and then he began to laugh, and said,—'That's Doc and Nautz Nautz, I'll bet,' but he wasn't cross, and I say, Frantztony, they've let the water out of the race, 'cause they're goin' to clean it, and Doc says there's lots of little fishes and crawfish and all sorts of ugly slimy things in there, when the water's off. Don't you want to see 'em?"

"Ye-es!" reluctantly.

"Let's go." I ventured.

"But they said we shouldn't, *never*."

"Oh! they meant when the mill's goin' and the water's in."

"Ain't the mill goin'?" asked she.

"*Can't* go without water!"

"Can't it? then we couldn't get *drowned*."

"Course not; let's go."

"We——ll!"

So off we set, hand in hand, I keeping Frantztony's mind well off the question, knowing that it was open to debate; but I did not know that uncle's prophecy—that the "small 'possum would get paid," was so near fulfilment.

We trudged along the narrow path, stopping now and then to gather wild fennel, or get our white aprons full of green walnuts, where the village boys had pelted them down, and after awhile, we came to the race, walked close to the bank, saw it was empty, and, just as Doc had said, all sorts of loathsome crawling, slimy things moving about and making for the pools of muddy water, which stood here and there. I wanted to see better, of course, and get nearer; therefore spying the log which was thrown from one side to the other, to serve as a foot-passage. I trotted out upon it, Frantztony protesting.

I stooped down and looked over; *that* was grand; but I thought of an improvement, I could lie flat and be nearer to a pool black as ink, and I knew there *must* be something wonderful in such an awful mud-puddle.

Frantztony stood on the bank, coaxing me to come

back. I lay down, and she began to sing that cheerful old Presbyterian hymn,—

“Sinner ! stop—Oh, stop and think,

Before you farther go ;

Will you sport upon the brink

Of everlasting woe ?

On the verge of ruin stop :—

Now the friendly warning take ;

Stay your footsteps, ere you drop

Into the burning lake.”

When all at once the stick gave way with which I was turning up the wonders of the bottomless pit, below the foot bridge, and I went, tow-head foremost, into it.

Frantztony screamed for all that was out, and echoes caught up and repeated the screams, thereby catching Aunt Dora’s ear’s and accelerating her speed toward my whereabouts ; for being missed from the house, she had set out to search for us, and had tracked us by my sun-bonnet and clover bouquet, which lay far back on the path. By the time she was upon the log, uncle, the men, and Doc were all there ; I was fished up and auntie cuddled me in her arms, to the detriment of her immaculate dress ; whilst Frantztony ran behind, crying like the chief-mourner at a funeral.

Being of the opinion that it was a waste of salt water, I remarked sagely, “Frantztony, *you* needn’t cry, I ain’t dead, are I auntie ?”

“Dead !” said Uncle Ulric, “I should think not,

but I won't have a black hair left by the time you go away, if you keep this up," and I resolved on the spot, to learn some hymn from Frantztony and be good. Whether my determination outlasted my mud-bath, remains for the reader to decide.

But whatever his decision may be, I have a distinct idea that mamma had settled upon a plan to physic Doc and me into being "good."

I have no remembrance of being sick at this time, and yet, the recollection which clings the fastest to my memory is connected with *Saturday night* and castor oil.

I remember it was mamma's invariable practice, to give us each a bath herself, on this night ; enshroud us in our night dresses ; and then, just before hearing us say our prayers, she came with a tiny blue china cup—with pagoda's and chinamen on it—a silver tea-spoon in her hand, and gave both Doc and myself a full half cup of castor oil and milk.

What I could have said here that is remarkable, I am at a loss to know ; but when I read this passage to my mild eyed mother, she raised her glasses and said solemnly, "Theodora, stick to the truth."

"I am doing it, to the best of my ability and memory, mamma dear," I answered. "But *what* that castor oil was meant to accomplish, I am sure I never discovered, unless it was given upon the same principle, I have seen dear good natured Aunt Polly ex-

hibit, whilst she stood back of the children's chairs at table, exhorting them to eat more."

"Now Simey, *do* have another pig's foot; and Carline, you love string beans, let me give you some more; and Nancy, here's another wedge of custard for you, and Frank *do* eat up that fried egg, its a shame to waste it."

But just as soon as every small stomach was stuffed to its uttermost, the paregoric bottle, like an accusing Nemesis, was brought forth, and each one dosed with the colic antidote; and I am to-day of the opinion that the castor oil was meant to rid us of the whole week's bad effects; and start us out new, on the next FIRST DAY.

CHAPTER VI.

For weeks the household moved on at its accustomed, steady gait.

Grandmamma's dear unwrinkled face and sweet, blue eyes, were the loadstar which kept us three from going very far wrong; and her low dulcet voice shielded us from the latter end of all mischief—punishment. For who dared gainsay what my stately Grandmamma Shelley commanded? Though throughout the house, the farm, and the mill, every soul, servant and dependant, would have laid down his life for her, none the less every word that she spoke was a gospel command, which none deemed safe to disobey. Did ever warm-hearted children have such a dear, good grandmamma as ours?

What stores of rare old things to show us of rainy days; from my dead grandpapa's gold knee-buckles, to the stiff satin stock, and dainty lace ruffles, yellow and costly; rare old books, which had known three centuries of the family history and inside whose brass-bound vellum lids were the rude pictures of the sixteenth century. All along the margin of an ancient and wonderful German Bible—descending from grand-

papa's side—were passages scored in red keel which, by reason of our inability to read, struck us with awe corresponding.

And the strange and tender stories with which her brain was stored, gave food and quiet for many an hour ; while we lived over with our beautiful grandmamma, her youth, luxurious and grand as that of a princess.

Many a piece of evidence, of bygone days, she gave us, from out her scrap bag, in the shape of bits of lace and velvet, and satin, and whilst our nimble fingers fashioned them into dainty, childish ideals of beauty, we wondered whether the grand, old Shelley blood had found its way into *our* veins ; and whether it would show its strength and richness in *us*, when we grew to be man and woman.

Oh ! wonderful dreamland of childhood ; since our barks have slipped loose from your moorings and drifted from out the still waters into a boundless ocean ; how many a wave has gone over our heads ; how often have we stretched impotent hands toward the infinite, and cried with Gethsemane's agony—"If it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me !"

* * * * *

Autumn was dropping crimson and gold drifts at the doors ; open them, and the wind puffed an armful into the room, every leaf so rich with the tracery of blood, that we could not part with a single one—but stuck them to the wall, pinned them fast to the

curtains, made them into knots and branches and wreaths, until the room was a beauteous throne, and grandmamma, the beautiful queen, with a crimson spray in her lace cap, and a yellow knot at her snowy throat.

Oh! the swelling tide of those days, how it sweeps over us even now, and washes all the drift from our souls and strands us finally up the summer sands of memory.

There comes to mind an afternoon, which beginning in beauty ended in horror, We all sat in grandmamma's room, mamma and auntie sewing, Frances and myself making doll clothes.

Doc was at the mill.

All at once, grandma said, "Leah, why don't you take your work and go over to the mill to Ulric; he cannot leave, and he gets so lonely?" And we of course began at once to clamor,—

"Do go, mamma and take us!" It ended in our small sewing being folded away, our sun-bonnets brought and all setting out jubilant.

Reaching the mill we found uncle and Doc alone, the men being sent elsewhere.

The two, with much hard work and laughter, were trying to place a fresh log, the saw was stopped."

"Leah," said uncle, "do you think you could raise the end of the log just a little with this crow-bar? Doc has been trying, but he is not heavy enough!"

"Of course I can," answered mamma. She placed us two safely, took the lever and raised as instructed; in a moment the work was done; Uncle Ulric had turned to start the saw, when mamma, stepping back, trod upon a trap-door and disappeared; our shrieks drew uncle's hands away just in time, and taking in the whole disaster at a glance, he, too, went through the trap-door into the fore-bay. We stood above, and holding fast each other's hands, looked down. There sat Uncle Ulric astride a great beam, holding mamma by a handful of her dress, while the boiling, surging waters were tearing and sucking her away from him, mamma was white and dead, and uncle was giving out; that even we children could see.

Doc had run a quarter of a mile away to a field where some of the men were ploughing. It seemed ages and ages before they came; and when they did, three of them could hardly drag her out of the clutches of the wicked, angry waters.

How wonderful is the influence of death upon the coarsest and roughest of human kind. Those three ploughmen bore mamma, as tenderly as a white angel could, up the race and along the narrow path into the house, and laid her on the bed, a poor broken white lily.

The doctor came, and they rolled, and rubbed, and administered stimulants with little effect; finally, such a strange thing was done! I can never forget that.

One of the girls brought the bellows, and they put it to mamma's mouth and pumped the great thing.

"Doc, what are they doing that for?" I asked.

"Blowing the breath into her," he said.

"Oh, Doc! I'm so glad; that *must* be the way God does it. I've tried so long to find out, and now I know it."

And the impression never left me. I have but to cover my eyes to-day and travel back to those bygone times, and I can see, as vividly as then, God take into his palms a lump of clay, and with wonderful manipulations change it into a little white image, pulseless and still. Then, more wonderful still, God holds the tiny form in his arms, two beautiful angels come, bearing a great shining "bellows"; they put it to the baby's lips and breathe life into it so gently; and when it stirs and moves, another angel floats up with a wicker basket, made by celestial fingers and lined with down from angel wings; and then, most wonderful of all, the baby is laid within, and God stoops and blesses it, and the angel faces touch its rosebud mouth, and then the golden rope goes sliding through their hands, and the baby swings away from the Infinite; down, down, down; past comets and meteors and countless worlds; through clouds of purple and gold, until it drops into the lap of the Finite, with the fingermarks of heaven yet fresh upon it.

Mamma came slowly back to life, but took long to

mend and recover from the shock, and I grew more serious than ever, and admonished the rest unsparingly ; consoling Uncle Ulric by telling him that his hair hadn't got so *very* gray, and there were only two more of us left to be "drowned," and maybe, if he would be very good. God would be kind to him and let them off.

But, somehow, that didn't seem to comfort him very much, for his hair curled tighter than ever, and I always knew by *that* when he was very much "worritted," as Aunt Peggy called it.

Time drifted us on to Christmas eve. All arrayed in our white gowns, we marched into the sitting-room in procession, down the great, old-fashioned chimney of which we had settled it that Santa Claus must come.

We each bore a great soup-plate and a stocking ; for I wouldn't eat a bite of candy, not I, if Santa Claus put it in a stocking ; so the plates were requisite.

Having with the help of the elders hung the stockings and settled the plates to our satisfaction ; having had a game of romps with Uncle Ulric, who twisted our gowns into screws and drove a team of three-in-hand about the room, until the roof was ready to fall with the noise, we were finally driven in the same fashion upstairs, tucked into our several beds, and told that we might talk just a few minutes, and must

then go to sleep, in order to give Santa Claus a chance.

"Nautz, Nautz!" said Doc.

"Huh?"

"What you going to get?"

"A slate an' a pair of buckoned slippers, an' clocked stockings, an' a book what tells 'bout the witches."

"Oh! The'dora, *don't*," shivered Frantztony.

"Yes I will, I'm goin' to be one myself when I grow big 'nough."

"Just you do, Natuz Nautz, don't *you* be a muff," said Doc.

Not in the least knowing what a "muff" was, and not liking to exhibit my ignorance to my superior power, Doc, I garnered the word for future meditation and investigation; meantime asking,—

"What are *you* goin' to have, Docie?"

"Well, I guess I'll have a pair of skates, and some marbles, and a box of crayons, and a lot of drawin' paper and a cutter, and lots and gobs of things."

"What *you* goin' to get, Frantztony?"

"Don't know," she answered.

"I know," shouted Doc.

"What?" asked Frantztony, with interest.

"Oh, a new hymn-book, and a bottle of blue sugar, and a doll baby, and a yellow sampler, with a red Probable Son in a green father's arms."

"That'll be nice," answered Frantztony.

"I thought you'd like 'em," said Doc.

And the door opened, and Aunt Dora put her head inside and told us to be quiet and go to sleep, because Santa Claus had a great many places to go, and it was very late already.

So we all cuddled under the blankets, and the regular breathing of Doc and Frantztony soon assured me that they were in the "Land of Nod," as Aunt Peggy called it. But my eyes wouldn't stay shut. I weighted them down with the bedclothes, and thought, "Now they'll stay," but the instant I pushed the blankets off, the lids flew open; then I began to wonder why the big folks didn't go to bed too, if Santa Claus was in such a hurry; then I thought I would just sit up and look if I could see or hear anything; that wasn't satisfactory; I would just creep to the window and catch a sight of Santa Claus' "sleigh and eight tiny reindeer," but the snow lay white and untracked; now, maybe, he had gone around to the back of the house, so as not to be seen, and I would miss him after all.

I would just go downstairs and peep into the sitting-room.

Gathering my gown in my hand, my little bare feet slid from step to step, and finally reached the door, which stood by happy chance ajar; but what do I see?

Oh, beautiful dream!—vanished. Oh, childish faith!—gone.

Uncle Ulric is untying packages, from out of which come books and slates, shoes and skates, crayons and candies and raisins and almonds.

Mamma sits in an armchair before a famous bed of coals, shaking a great cornpopper.

Grandmamma, with the beautiful face running over with smiles, is putting the last stitches upon the coveted clocked stockings—and, behold! in at the the opposite door comes Aunt Dora, a great pan of apples and nuts in her hand; and, stooping, actually divides them among those three dishes. Oh! Santa Claus, dead! Oh! beautiful dream, lost! Oh! bubble of faith, burst!

Two cold little feet go wearily up the stairs; two cold little hands hold the white gown to my mouth, lest my sobs shall be heard, and then I creep into bed and shiver and shrink, and try to think I have dreamed it. But the morning comes, and I only see again what I saw through the crack of the door last night, and I have no hope left to cling to.

Henceforth and forever, Santa Claus is no longer a mystery of goodness, and half the charm of Christmas morning is gone for me, who know so much, and must keep on knowing it for all time, without *daring* to ease the burden of my heart by telling Doc and Frantztony Nautz.

CHAPTER VII.

"MA, mam, mamma, marm!" shouted Doc from the foot of the stairs, as though he was giving the parts of a Latin verb. I put my head over the balusters and asked,—

"Please, Docie, may I go too?"

"Go where, Nautz Nautz?"

"Where you're goin'."

"I didn't say I was going anywhere!"

"But I *feel* you are," I answered.

"Well, s'pose you feel mamma, and see whether she'll let me go into town with Big John."

"Can I go, too?"

"Yes, if you leave your dolls and patchwork home, and sit still, and don't bother."

"I *hate* dolls and patchwork, an' I'll be still as a mouse, an' I'll only talk to myself."

"All right; hurry!"

"Mamma," said I, going into her room, "Docie wants to go to town, an' Big John says he'll take care of us, and won't let us get drowned, nor run over, nor nothin'; and we'll bring you a big letter from papa. May I go?"

"You are sure about not getting *drowned* and the big letter?" asked mamma, laughing.

Whereupon I went through a dumb show of crossing my heart for answer.

"Very well, bring your things; don't keep John waiting."

Such a ride; do you remember it, Doc? Perched just back of Big John, on top of a load of boards from the sawmill; the soft side of a sheepskin to sit on; the springless waggon lurching into the deep ruts of the mud road; Big John managing the horses dexterously with one hand, and holding me to the centre of gravity with the other? I had been specially careful to say nothing of John's load, when asking permission to go. The ride *in* I hadn't counted on as being much; the ride *out* was the jolly thing which drew me.

But there dawned upon me, as we bumped along, a feeling not altogether new; that it was much grander to be a *man*, and face danger and hardship, and—earning one's own living, to *see* the outcome of your labor in dollars and cents; in broad wheat fields, fresh ploughed and sown; or even in new fences, and ricks and houses and barns, things women *could not* do than *to be* a woman and work gossamer baby caps and drip lace from the needles like mamma did.

I never saw any return she had for all that work, which I knew pricked her fingers and hurt her eyes.

Why did they do it, then, I wondered? Not just in this strain, perhaps, but something akin to it; but having given my word to Doc to be "still as a mouse," I could not speak, and therefore the thought went revolving in my small cranium, a thing to be worked out in after years; and meantime we had traversed the mile of road from the mill to the town.

Then we drove into the busy place, and straight to the lumber yard.

Big John took me down, and Doc scrambled off nimbly; then he said we might play "hide and seek" among the board piles, whilst he unloaded; and such a grand game as we had up and over and around the great stacks of boards; until by the time John had finished, our breath was gone, and we were tired and ready to go.

"Master Doc, just hand me up that piece of board, and I'll fix a seat, so that Miss The'dora can be more comfortable," said John.

"Oh! don't bover for *me*, Big John. I ain't a muff," I retorted, sententiously, using Doc's word at a venture.

"What's that?" asked Big John, opening his great blue eyes, until I thought how much they looked like summer clouds.

"Tell him, Doc!" I said, glad of such a grand opportunity for a definition.

"Well," answered Doc, "a muff, you know, is what

we fellows call anybody who is particularly *soft*; a regular *muff*, you know."

Big John laughed loud and hearty, while I pondered this lucid definition, and mentally determined that come what might I would at least steer clear of ever becoming anything so dreadful.

To-day, I really believe, that what Doc meant by the term "muff" was a moral coward, one who shirked hardship, and mewed himself up, until he became a parasite and dependent. Believing this, I find to-day also that Doc was right, and that all the evil which has come into my life has come through moral cowardice in some form or other.

Big John finally settles the board to his satisfaction, and stooping his great length, lifts me gently in his brawny hands to the middle of the seat, where he has placed the sheepskin; and thus, with my feet dangling between Doc and John, we go rumbling and rattling up the main street of Hillsboro, laughing and talking, until we reach the POST OFFICE, where Doc holds the reins, with the air of one accustomed to handling spirited animals, while BIG JOHN disappears in the office, and presently returns with the veritable big letter I had promised mamma, with a row of yellow queen's heads on the upper side, and a whole stick of sealing wax (as I thought) dripped over the under side for safety.

I immediately claim the package as my own

especial property, while Big John goes into an adjoining baker shop and buys a great paper of goodies.

Then the horses heads are turned, and with erect ears, and nostrils which seem to sniff fresh oats and sweet clover with every homeward step and passing breeze, we rumble and bump over the uneven road in half the time it had taken before.

Aunt Peggy comes out to open the great gate, but catching sight of me, lets the great wooden latch fall again, pushes up her glasses, as if they interfered with her sight, elevates her hands, and cries : " Massy on us, what's the matter with the child ? she's been and hurt herself ! "

Big John stoops down and looks into my face, and finds, sure enough, that my mouth and chin are blood-red.

Aunt Peggy fumbles in every pocket for her handkerchief, while I having conveyed my fingers to my mouth, to which they adhere, break into laughter, and cry,—

" Don't *you* be 'fraid, Aunt Peg. Nothin' 'll hurt *me* ; I'se been eatin' strawbellies."

" Strawberries, and the frost not out the ground ; chile, don't you tell me that."

" Made of sugar," put in Big John, grinning.

" Bless me," said Aunt Peggy, as she swung the gate wide and we rolled into the barn yard, " I just

guess that chile will be the death of me yet, the way she does worrit one with her pranks. I suspec' there was a mistake made when she was born ; she aint no more like Miss Frances than nothin'. Here that blessed angel has been and made a pile of the beautifullest quilt patches as you never saw, a singin' her sweet hymns all the time, while you've been prancin' to town and back with two men, as isn't at all belike a young lady."

Here Doc swelled in with "Aunt Peggy Dawson, you just let my sister alone ; she belongs to *me*, and I mean to take care of her, and won't have her abused !"

"La sakes, Master J'rome, I didn't mean nothin' ; but she do scare us so," answered my nurse.

"Never you mind getting scared for her, Aunt Peggy, she ain't one of the kind that needs watching," Big John put in, for my defence, whereupon I sprang upon the seat, put my arms about his great head, and hugged it heartily ; feeling my importance, as the centre of the present discussion, I dropped my arm about the burly neck, and said with succinct prophecy, holding up papa's letter,—

"I'm goin' away, Aunt Peggy Dawson, and *then* you'll be sorry."

"How do you know that you're goin' away ?" asked she.

"'Cause I *feel* that papa's letter says so !"

Then Big John set me on the ground, and I raced Doc into the house, and we burst into the sitting-room together to deliver the letter.

Grandmamma sat in her great easy chair, a German hymn-book on her lap, from which she had been reading; when we saw *that* we became demure at once, and walked in gravely to hand mamma her packet.

"Theodora!" said grandma's sweet voice.

"Yes, grandmamma!"

"What is the matter with your face?"

"Strawbellies. I saved you some, grandma." And here I inserted one between the sweet old lips.

Grandmamma adjusted her glasses, examined my face, and advised me to go to Aunt Peggy and be washed. But just here mamma exclaimed,—

"Mother, what do you believe Simon is thinking of now?"

"Dear only knows. Another patent, I suppose."

"No," said mamma. "He talks of coming home, and taking us all over."

"Leah! Leah!" was the only answer grandma made, but I saw the dear blue eyes drowned in tears, and only waiting to hug and kiss her, away I ran to Aunt Peggy, brimful of news.

"Aunt Peg, wash my hair an' comb my face quick," I said. "I told you I was goin' away, an' I *am*. I'm goin' to U-*rope*. Papa says he's comin' for us; an'

we're goin' just as soon as he comes. An' now ain't you sorry you 'bused me."

"Bless the chile, what'll I do without you to worrit me?" My old legs will get stiff when they don't have you to trot after?" And here the dear old brown eyes ran over, and I hugged and cuddled her and promised to give her "my wittley wite wooster" and my "wite wabbit" and all my quilt patches if she wouldn't cry.

But Aunt Peggy was—from the moment she knew my prophecy had proved true—more convinced than ever that there was a "mistake" somewhere when I was born. The idea of our crossing the Atlantic, which had at first been rejected as ridiculous and out of the question, finally came to be a settled and accepted fact, to which the house became gradually accustomed.

And when another letter came, saying that before it had fairly reached us papa would have sailed, everyone bestirred themselves to put all things in order for his reception, and our going.

Morning and evening of the same day found me at my vigil, looking wistfully up and down the road for the "white horse" upon which I knew papa would come, if my belief was true.

And yet after all I missed his coming—for instead of arriving at the rising or the setting of the sun, he

came unexpectedly to all, in the full noontide, when every one was busy with his own affairs.

How much he was altered ; how grand and imposing he had become, He went away with a smooth face and the complexion of a girl ; he returned to us with a full set of English whiskers, and a face bronzed by the long sea voyage. He talked familiarly of the Queen, Lord Mayor and Aldermen ; of institutes, receptions, and masque balls, which he had attended.

Without doubt, papa had grown to be very imposing, and for days I ceased to worrit poor Aunt Peggy, who went about the house with red eyes, and the corner of her apron continually bedewed with tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT Aunt Peggy was right ; the more I revolved her thought, the more it gathered momentum, until the idea that I was either "born lucky," or "done possessed," became a part of my creed : and, that there was plenty of collateral evidence to support such belief, no reader of this history will deny. March had "come in like a lion"—and the untamable winds had made me "mad with joy," as my sunbonnet hung about my neck by the strings, my white curls flew in a mass behind and by main force of will, I propelled my small body against the rushing air currents, swallowing with an ecstatic thrill, great mouthfuls of ether, which I felt certain flowed straight down to me, through the gates of pearl.

Nothing in all nature ever gave me the same joy as the wind, and yet I cannot explain it for the simple reason that I never could lay bare to the microscopic eye of analysis, those things and feelings, which being born with me, I felt were God's last, sacred gifts, before my wicker basket, had been dropped through heaven's opaque veil.

April had coaxed the earth with smiles, and wooed

her with tears, until at last she gave evidence of her silent joy, with clustered knots of shy hyacinths, and bluebells which rung their fairy chimes upon the air; then as she bolder grew, the fragrant jonquin followed, and, after, gay bunches of daffadowndillies.

The time for our departure for "U-rope" drew slowly on, and mamma and papa began to go about among old friends, to tea drinkings, and farewell gatherings,

One glorious afternoon, Doc Frantztony and myself with a laudable desire to emulate the example of our elders, begged leave to walk up the race about a mile, to spend an hour or two, and say good-by to the two putty-faced Whitlow boys. Permission gained, fresh dresses donned and the finishing touches put on by Aunt Peggy, off we set elate—Doc in the middle, holding a hand of each having promised nurse not to let go of them until we reached our destination:—however, that restriction was of small moment, for what girl wouldn't have been proud and willing to be led by such a dark-eyed, handsome boy-knight as St. Jerome De Graff?

In this fashion, we came near the Whitlows—and the putty-faced boys descrying us afar, as they swung on the garden gate, tumbled off and cantered to meet us shouting,—

"Hi Doc come to spend the afternoon?"

"Yes!"

"And stay to tea?"

"If you can have it by four o'clock," answered Doc.

"To be course we will, let's go to th' kitchen and tell mother."

So away we all stepped in a bunch, around the back door, which stood open, showing mother Whitlow in the midst of "crullers."

We all sniffed the savory smell. "Whew! ain't that jolly!" said Doc. I heaved a deep sigh and remarked,—

"Nautz-Nautz you're glad you didn't die when you was born!"

"Why?" asked the biggest putty-face.

"Cos I like crullers."

Here Frantztony dropped into her habitual tune, when well pleased, viz.

"I am glad I'm in this army."

"So am I!" said Doc. And then mother Whitlow's kindly, rosy face turned and beamed upon us; and hastily wiping the flour from her hands upon her apron, with which in turn she powdered her face, she kissed us all around; admired our new dresses, took off our bonnets, and went into raptures over Frantztony's curls, and ended by tying a big apron over each and putting two great crispy, brown crullers in the hands of every one of us.

The boys were dismissed to the barnyard: whilst we two sat and devoured crullers to our hearts, content, and told all about our intended trip.

"Ain't you afraid to cross the ocean?" asked mother Whitlow. Frantztony gave a little shiver, and held her peace.

"I ain't afraid, nothing'll hurt me!" I answered, scrutinizing a fresh cruller and deliberating which side to begin upon.

"Why won't anything hurt you?" and mother Whitlow dropped a new lot of crullers into the hissing lard.

"Guess I'm charmed; born lucky, you know."

"Hear the child."

"She never does get hurt," chimed in Frantztony—"she jumped from the haymow down on the barn floor: and got drowned, and eat Indian turnips, and drank lye; and now she's got a green snake, and a great lot of spiders as big as my thumb, with yellow and black stripes 'round them for pets, and nothin' hurts her."

"Gracious me, The'dora, what'll become of you when you run the length of your tether?" asked Mother Whitlow.

For a moment, I was nonplussed, then I decided the question by answering grandiloquently—

"Guess I'll *piece* it."

Whatever made Mother Whitlow laugh so hard, I never found out, but felt it was of little consequence to me, whilst milk and crullers continued to exist.

By the time the boys had shown us last year's colt,

this spring's calves, which poked their soft noses into our hands to be stroked ; and the first brood of fluffy young chickens—we heard a blast from the dinner horn and there in the doorway stood the matron, awaiting our coming to tea. Crullers had somewhat impaired my appetite, so I had time to entertain good old farmer Whitlow whilst waiting for “curds and cheese cakes.”

A great old-fashioned clock stood in the corner of the kitchen, and the long pendulum went swinging to and fro inside the glass door amusing me much, when all at once Frantztony broke up my revery with,—

“Doc ! it's four o'clock.”

“And I'm afeered it's going to storm,” drawled the old man.

What a hustling on of bonnets, and a hurried saying of good-by's, but out of the lane at last, we started on a brisk trot, whilst the clouds grew darker, and the wind whistled ominously. Half way home, here came mamma panting ; and now, mammoth drops of rain began to fall and beat inside our sun-bonnets. Doc and Frantztony ran ahead—mamma and I brought up the rear. It grew black as night ; the lightning cut the darkness into pieces, which cemented instantly.

Doc and Frantztony took refuge in last years iron-weeds, mamma sought shelter under a great tree, but Doc's white face peered out in a flash and he pleaded with her to go from under it ; so on we started, pelted

and beaten, all the weird in my nature revelling in wind and rain—nearing home—and again mamma takes shelter within an old, tumbledown cowshed, long ago abandoned. Doc and Francis run ahead to the house ; the clouds begin to burst and turning out a little of their silver linings, break up the night, while the rain comes more gently.

“ We will start again, dear,” says mamma, and out we go, hand in hand ; but scarcely two rods lie between, when the superannuated logs creak and yield and the whole building comes sidelong to the ground with a great crash. We see Uncle Ulric standing in the house door shading his eyes from the lightning, *he* sees Doc and Frances and cries,—

“ Where is your mother and Dick ? ”

“ They went into the old shed,” weep both.

And uncle groans,—

“ My God ! my God ! ”

Mamma and I pick our way around the fallen timber, get clear of the iron weeds, and come in sight, and Uncle Ulric rushing down the garden path cries,—

“ God be praised ! ”

“ Nothin’ll hurt *me* ! ” I remark.

The last thing to be done before leaving for “ U-rope ” was to have our daguerreotypes taken ; none of those modern inventions on tin. Grandmamma insisted that they must be the genuine article, morocco case and all. Hence, the artist, having word in

advance, consulted the almanac for a fair day, and sent us word accordingly.

As behooves the dignity and importance of the occasion, we are "up to time;" the artist groups us to his mind. Mamma wears a plum-colored silk, with a long pointed waist, and earrings which touch her shoulders; papa looks like a devout clergyman, with his clasped hands and black clothes; I feel very uncomfortable because my head is screwed in a pump; Frances looks natural; while Doc's rolling Byron-collar makes me think,—

"Collar, where *are* you goin' with that boy?"

But despite all these things, we are taken at last and come up *perfect*—according to the artist—and homeward we roll again.

I never see that picture, but I go into spasms of laughter, wondering how ever dear old grandmamma could have been so completely satisfied and delighted with her ministerial son; her solemn daughter; her eyeless Dick and collarry Doc.

Frantztony alone redeeming the group from being a botch—so fastidious have our tasks grown in these latter days.

But grandmamma, Aunt Dora and Uncle Ulric prized that picture as a rare work of art, for years, and why should we laugh now?

*

*

*

†

*

*

CHAPTER IX.

Nothing remaining to be done, the last good-bys said, we leave for New York, from whence we embark on the day following.

Of the passengers and vessel, I remember almost nothing. How it comes that my usually retentive memory could ever let slip all the circumstances and people by which I was surrounded during that three weeks voyage, I am unable to account for, save that everything material was swallowed in ocean and sky. Nothing but blue dome above, in which great billowy clouds were drifting eternally; nothing but an emerald bowl below, which around the horizon turned up its brim until it touched the sky and formed a great undulating sphere, in the centre of which our vessel dipped and floated like a bubble.

The mystery of sky and ocean were so awful, and fraught with a wonder so profound to me, that mind and heart had no room for anything beside,—hence, while I forget all else, I see the sky yet illuminated by the setting sun, and feel the intoxicating roll of

the waves beneath me, or am conscious that my cheeks are tingling from the salty spume of some audacious "white cap," while I stand clinging to the rail, drawing through my hungry eyes the whole of the changeful beauty of firmament and sea, with which my own tumultuous nature throbs in unison, and from which my responsive soul stores food for after days of famine.

Mary of England, dying of disappointment and grief, said that the word "Calais" would be found engraved upon her heart. Had I died in those days, I doubt not the fathomless depths of sky and ocean would have been pencilled upon mine.

But there came a day when all this beauty was a thing to be remembered, but not seen; a day when out of boundless expanse and freedom, we landed in Liverpool mire and smoke. Ugh! my sensitive soul shrank within me; was *this* the place papa meant to take us to; *this* what he discoursed so eloquently about? ugh!

What a bustle and scurry; what odors and filth!

My wings were clipped: I felt certain I would never again be able to fly, there was no room for that. England with her twenty-seven millions of people, hadn't a mouthful of air fresh enough for me to breathe with the old exultation, nor room enough for the poor little American waif to flap her freedom-loving wings, alas!

And when we jolted over the cobble stones, to the hotel, in one of those infamous vehicles, upon two wheels, by the time we were set down, I had ready prepared in my mind, a synopsis of my verdict of England and her people.

"Docie," I said, when an hour or two after we walked down the hall to the dining-room, "Docie, please hold me tight!"

"What's the matter, Dick, *you* ain't afraid?"

"Afraid? no! but somethin' hurts me, Docie." "No, please don't, Docie, she couldn't cure it, nobody can; its a deep down hurt," I answered, putting my hand over my heart to indicate the place of distress.

Doc said no more, but his fingers closed fast over mine, and when I looked in his eyes, I felt sure that he too, had a deep, down hurt, from being pulled up from the roots.

But when we were all seated about a private table, which papa had ordered, with a special dinner, Doc tried his best to reassure and amuse me.

Two waiters in linen bibs, came sliding over the floor, carrying covered dishes; the first set his down before papa, and uncovered it.

"Oh Doc, what's that?" I cried.

"It's a *lepus timidus*," answered Doc exhibiting his learning.

"A what?"

“A hare,” said Doc in English.

“What is it for, Docie?”

“To eat!”

“Why Doc, it has eyes, and ribbons in its ears, and a cabbage leaf in its mouth; it’s alive!”

Here papa whetted the carving knife dextrously; made a pass or two, and ended in taking off a leg clean. I shuddered and covered my eyes. When I looked up again, the “*lepus timidus*” was annihilated, so far as form went, and Frantztony was turning over a piece upon her plate with a more than usual solemnity. I watched Doc closely, he received his plate without a word, but his upper lip curled just a wee, and he slid the thing to one side with his fork.

When my turn came to be served, papa said—

“Theodora, what part will you have.” And I elevated my democratic head and replied sturdily,—

“I never eat *live* things, papa; I want some beans and radishes.”

Papa laughed, but no amount of persuasion from him or mamma could alter my determination, and presently all found that they had tried to their satisfaction, the English delight—a hare dinner.

And I breathed freer when papa whispered the waiter to carry it off, ribbons, curled parsley, slivered carrot, and “*lepus timidus*” heaped in ignominious and dire confusion; and fresh plates being brought, the leg of mutton following proved itself more accept-

able to our American palates,—whilst Doc delivered himself to the audience after this wise,—

“I don’t like anything that slips out of its skin when it jumps.”

“And I don’t like the people, that eat the things, that slips out of their skins when they jump,” said I.

“This is the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn,” laughed papa.

Here a peculiar cry rent the air and we all turned to listen ; was it possible we could have heard aright ? there it is again. “Cat me—at ! Cat me—at ! We children gazed at each other in stupefied wonder.

“Heaven preserve us,” cried mamma. “What does that mean ; it is not possible they eat ‘Cat meat’ in enlightened Europe ? and we are going to board. I shall never feel safe as to the nature of what I am eating.”

How papa laughed whilst he explained that the cry of “cat meat” was full of innocence, since the vendors thereof were simply serving all the feline pets of the neighborhood with their supper.

Then he proved the truth of this statement by taking us to the window and pointing out the crier, about whom a number of cats mewed and rubbed, while every area rail in sight was decorated with a waiting grimalkin.

“Astonishing !” said Frantztony, and the English character rose ninety-five per centum in the esteem

of Doc and Nautz Nautz. And then papa called for a bottle of wine, and under its influence we all grew more cheery, and Doc and I found the lumps in our throats gradually diminishing and the weight of the yellow, murky atmosphere, not quite so awful to bear, and thus passed our first day in "U-rope."

CHAPTER X.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unpropitious nature of our first impressions, they gradually lost somewhat of their intensity with familiarity, so mobile and plastic is the soul anatomy of childhood. Finding that Liverpool was not to be our stopping-place, but that papa had only deemed a night's rest essential after the long sea voyage,—which *I* would have had continue forever and forever, if I could,—our spirits rose somewhat when we took the cars for London the next morning.

The novel idea of “coaches,” which accommodated only our individual selves, and the being locked in by the guardsman as if we were a set of criminals being returned to justice, rather put a damper upon our relenting judgments of the English character; however, we bore up philosophically, as was our wont, flattened our noses against the windows in hope of seeing something through the drizzling fog and watched Frantztony contentedly chewing a bit of sweetened calamus, which papa had extracted from his vest pocket.

I am not sure that big people know what torture

contraction of space is, to the buoyant child-nature ; whilst Frantzony seemed still fresh enough to hum a tune placidly, Doc and Nautz Nautz were cramped, chilled to the core by the time they reached the terminus.

The guardsman unlocking the coach door, we found ourselves in a great depot, illuminated by innumerable rows of winking gas gets, with people crowding all ways. It seemed the middle of the night, it was so black and murky, but upon asking papa what time it was he consulted his watch and said, "four o'clock."

"*What a country!*" exclaimed Doc, bursting from repression. "What a country where the people eat hares ; lock Christian Americans in the cars ; and where it always rains ; and gets dark in the middle of the day. Let's go home, Dick!" he finished with a gulp.

"We will be there directly," said papa, misinterpreting Doc's meaning. "You will soon feel comfortable when you find what pleasant rooms and a good supper Mrs. Roberts will have ready for us."

"*I hope it won't be hare!*" We all three burst out at once ; even Franztony stopped in the middle of a verse to say that.

Another hour of jolting in a cab, over the roughest of cobble stones brought us to papa's fixed quarters ; and when the kindly landlady had led us upstairs, to a cozy suit of apartments prepared for our coming, in

the drawing-room of which burnt a delightful grate fire, the kettle singing on the hob, and the table spread in the middle of the floor, we tossed our things into the four corners, caught Frantztony's unwilling hands and forced her to circle about the room with us.

Mamma took all of papa's attention, for she was white as chalk from exhaustion—and this makes me remember, here, that I never knew mamma to be "well." Papa was so strong and sturdy; and yet, for all of that he went "away" before any of us, and left mamma.

We soon settled down into English customs, and became used to being stared at, because of our American costumes.

Doctor was installed at once, as a student at the Mechanic's Institute, where he progressed rapidly; becoming especially proficient in crayon drawing, which he turned to use by producing the most life-like and loathsome *boa-constrictors*, and other venomous reptiles.

These he laid in Frantztony's way, whenever we were gathered about the drawing-room table after tea; for the express purpose of seeing her suddenly draw up her feet, and sit upon them, in a spasm of fear. In after years, the Institute conferred the degree of A.M. upon Doc, but I don't *think* it was for *snake-drawing*.

We two girls were sent around the corner of

“Threadneedle Street,” to a private school. Two little Scotch boys in Highland dress, called for and chaperoned us going and coming every day.

Here again I forget all about the girls as individuals, but I remember distinctly they had every day so much of a “sewing task” to perform, all wearing “lap-bags,” divided into compartments, for thread, thimble and work, and which reminded me ludicrously of a carpenter’s apron.

The boys who did not conduct themselves in a manner pleasing to the teacher, were detailed to thread our needles, or sit upon the dunce block. There were a good many bad boys to thread *my* needle, with which I performed some most execrable work, and received punishment by having a bad boy help pick it out.—Is it allowable here to state that the picking out process was far more delightful to me than the putting in process?

By and by, we became acquainted with a good many of papa’s friends, who showed us a great many courtesies, and sent the “pale American lady” baskets of hothouse grapes and fruit.

Among these kind people was a grand old lady, a widow, who reminded us of grandmamma, and whom we accordingly learned to call Auntie Gale.

She possessed five wonderful sons, all young men, and at home.

Her only daughter, for whom she mourned cease-

lessly, and kept the great state drawing-room shrouded —was dead.

She loved children passionately, and took us home with her for days at a time, in order to “rest” mamma.

The only pleasant recollection of all my London life are connected with her house. I loved everything in it, from the yellow satin damask window curtains, down to the kitchen where “Miss Ann,” a neat maid, in a spotless white apron and immaculate cap, presided.

Auntie Gale’s manly sons turned the house over for our amusement, when they came home at night. They masqueraded in their stately mother’s garments, walked up and down stairs upon stilts, and played hide-and-seek with us; Mr. John always setting me on top of the book-case, and piling huge folio’s about me, to keep me out of Doc’s and Frantztony’s eyerange, and always managing that I should be the last discovered.

Then, when tea was made, we all danced up to the table, where auntie presided arrayed in shimmering silk, and the maid Ann, brought a great toasting fork to Mr. Joe, who sat nearest the grate, and he made the toast and handed the delicate brown slices to Mr. Fred who “buttered it well of both sides,” to my entire satisfaction.

These times are the oases in my London desert of

life ; there was unrestrained freedom nowhere outside of that dear old house for me.

At our boarding place, there was one thing which kept me in a chronic state of fear, and thereby so circumscribed my freedom, that after long and silently enduring this secret oppression, it had its effect.

My feet danced no more up and down the stairs, but slid with the cautionary movements of a youthful criminal from step to step, and my voice was dead—outside our own rooms.

The cause of this was the son of our respectable landlady.

I believe Charley Roberts was sent into the world by the Prince of Darkness himself to pave the way for his own future operations ; but I do most heartily absolve his mother of all complicity in the systematic torture which he practised upon me, for the reason that I was no “tell-tale,” and was accustomed, like Doc, to bear in silence whatever I was unable to set right of my own strength, physical or moral.

I never put my head outside our own doors but that boy, with diabolical intent, was ready to persecute me in a thousand ways ; to spring upon me from some landing or corner ; to take rough hold of me in the dark, or hold me fascinated by the very monstrosity of the facial contortions he performed, nicknaming me “Sailor Boy” from a certain little checkered apron I sometimes wore.

Once he actually shoved both Frances and myself into a dark closet, slammed the door, turned the rusty key in the lock, and ran away. I believe, like Genevra, I would have lain there until my bones bleached, making no sound, but Frantztony, unused to the Roberts boy's persecutions, kicked and screamed until, finally, she was heard by Doc, who rushed in his brave, impetuous way, to the rescue.

"Who did this, girls?" he asked, after succeeding with much difficulty in turning the key.

"Charley Roberts," Frantztony answered.

"I'll fix him!" said Doc, and he disappeared down the area stairs. Presently we heard a howl, and looking out the scullery door saw the Roberts boy stretched upon the cobble pavement, whilst Doc thumped and pounded the bully to his heart's content.

After that I enjoyed comparative peace; but had become so morbidly sensitive from dread of meeting that boy that I never ventured alone outside our rooms. Once papa, Doc, Franztony and myself had a long spell of sickness, during which all my hair fell out, and when we were about again it amused me strangely to see how altered I had become. It was the old soul in a new body.

It wasn't Theodora nor Nautz Nautz, nor Dick, but a new girl with whom I had to get acquainted; and I couldn't help but wish that whilst God had been about it, He had put my soul back into a *boy's* body.

All the pretty white curls were gone and a thick, soft mass of straight brown hair replaced them. The lace cap was taken off a dozen times a day, that I might examine my head and get acquainted with it.

And when one day mamma gave us girls permission to go out and walk on the pavement, as we came downstairs, hand-in-hand singing :—

“If I be I, as I suppose I be,
I have a little dog at home and he knows me.”

The Roberts boy sprung upon us, but all at once stopped, started, fell back as though uncertain and then cried :—

“Why, bless me, it’s the Sailor Boy!” making a pass as though about to snatch my cap. I gathered courage and called :—

“Doc, come here!” whereupon the Roberts boy tumbled down the stairs. In the vicinity of our residence was a lovely little square, laid out in grass, shrubbery and flower beds.

Here the nurse girls of the neighborhood brought their charges every day to play, whilst they flirted with their sweethearts. And this confined space of greenery was my heart’s delight ; on fine days Doc or mamma accompanied us to this spot, and we spent many an hour of comparative enjoyment outside our dread of the beadle, who, from the door of his little box of a house, watched everything and everybody.

Outside the fence the organ-grinders used to come and I have been held entranced many a time by the sweetest airs ground out of a humble hand-organ, or transported with delight at the sound of "Home, sweet Home," which took me back to grandmamma. And when I sometimes learned from the boy's own lips their tales of want and suffering and the cruelty of their task-masters,—for many of these children are stolen,—my child-heart, oppressed and circumscribed by destiny, beat in quick sympathy with theirs.

We did all we could for these little waifs ; gave them the cakes mamma had provided in case of hunger, and turned our pockets out in search of the farthings which had been meant to buy "treacle candy."

How could we eat cake and candy and know that the white-faced organ boy was hungry?

Once mamma found Doc out. The Institute held but one session daily. He was always given a lunch to take ; one day he came upon a poor crippled creature sitting upon the steps of a church holding a starved baby to her breast. Doc saw her, stopped. All the manly nature rushed to his pitying eyes ; he opened his luncheon basket and laid the contents in the woman's lap.

The poor starved thing called upon all the saints in heaven to bless this boy ; and Doc went luncheonless that day and many others ; until mamma seeing how exhausted and pale he always looked at dinner

time, drew the whole truth from him by dint of coaxing and threats. Thereafter, so long as the woman made those church steps her begging place, Doc carried an extra lunch.

Papa, who had the tenderest heart for children, sympathized with our need and longing for fresh air, sunshine and greenness; and there rarely came a sabbath, but he took us to some park, to see the deer and swans; or treated us to a ride in the carriages, walking by our sides and pointing out all the beauties of God's great work.

Once, he took us to Westminster, and showed us the marble tombs of England's illustrious dead; but the great stone images stretched upon the top of each, oppressed me terribly. Then and there I determined to forbid the putting of one on my grave; I didn't want to be kept down in that way, and it was dreadful not to be able to breathe with ease.

One day we all went down into the tunnel which runs beneath the Thames. That was a terrible task for mamma, going down those two hundred odd steps, walking the width of the river, stopping to look at or buy something of each vendor of wares in his booth, and finally ascending, out of the darkness only made more apparent, by the gas lights, into the fresh air and sunshine. By the time we had visited the various parks, Greenwich and Zoological garden's, we were convinced that the English were a great people; but

when one morning mamma and I went with our landlady to the fish market, I was simply dumb with amaze.

How magnificent everything was ; row after row of marble slabbed booths upon which lay such fish as I never saw ; monster's of the deep, capable of swallowing me.

Beautiful sole, salmon, and mackerel which changed like diamonds or shimmered like silver, and close beside them, great heaps of tiny baby-fishes, over which Mrs. Roberts went into ecstasies of praise, persuading mamma to have some—sprats, she called them—for dinner.

Before it escapes my memory, I will say that the "sprat" dinner was not a success ; the American palate repudiated them.

But when my attention was drawn to a great pile of what I thought snails, in the shell, my astonishment knew no bounds.

"Mamma, mamma, what do they do with snails?"

"Snails!" and Mrs. Roberts tossed her head—"they are periwinkles, and delicious. You eat them this way," and here she drew a pin from the cushion which stood on the marble slab ; took a shell daintily between her thumb and finger, inserted the pin, drew the slimy thing out, dropped a grain or two of salt upon and swallowed it.

"Ugh!" I exclaimed, and a spasm of disgust even ran over mamma's face.

CHAPTER XI.

About this time, we removed to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Paddington of "Black Horse Brewery."

By this removal, I escaped the Robert's boy, but now had two enemies with which to contend.

The first was Vixen, an abominable little rat-terrier, who considered it her bounden duty to tear my clothes and snap at my heels, if ever she caught me wandering in the hall. The second, was a most gorgeous poll-parrot, who was excessively affectionate if you coaxed her with dainties, but veered about and called you all the names she could remember if you pretended not to hear her requests. At times she was let out of her cage, and then she immediately began in laborious fashion, to ascend to our rooms—hooking her bill upon each step and drawing herself up.

Once seeing her do this, I laughed gleefully at the ludicrous sight, calling the rest to come and see her; whereupon she hurled a volley of oaths at me, and never failed from that moment to pick at and worry me, whenever possible, although gentle and affectionate to all the rest.

Happily for me, I made a friend who spared me these persecutions whenever she was about. This was

Deborah, a young imp, who usually wore a dress which hung in slits from the waist to her feet, and whose face always bore the marks of sooty fingers. Deb, as she was called, was the scullery maid; she was detailed to polish door-knobs, scour the marble floor of the hall, clean grates, fetch coal, and do all other hard-handed and abominable labor. She never came downstairs like any one else; but, having to go up as we all did, saved the down trip by sitting side-wise on the balusters and sliding.

One day she went to the third story; I stood on the landing of the second floor, saw her fix herself for the descent, and cried,—

“Oh Deb! please don’t, you’ll fall and get killed.”

“Here I go,” she answered.

And sure enough she did; she came down with a rush, turned the first curve and lost her balance; I saw her coming and caught wildly through the rails, but poor Deb’s rags alone remained in my hands; she went on bumping against the winding stairs, and fell with a sickening thud upon the marble pavement. When I reached her she was bleeding and quivering, but not dead, and in a moment I had the house aroused.

Poor Deb was carried to her pallet, and the doctor, sent for, and after awhile she actually came to, and spoke.

Most wonderful of all, outside of a few broken ribs

and a great many bruises she was unhurt, and after some weeks was about again.

The doctor called me a brave little girl, and said I had saved her by breaking her fall, but I was convinced that Deb was made of gutta-percha, and wouldn't have been hurt any worse if I had been in Kamschatka. But from the hour of her recovery, Deb was my willing slave, and when Vixen died suddenly from poison, she called me into the hall, whispered the news in my ear, and seeing my delighted face, began a war dance about me; I believe to this day that Deb's hand administered the fatal dose. Henceforth we were friends and our friendship was cemented by a mutual exchange of courtesies. Deb ran around the corner to assist in laying out my pin money to the best advantage, and I sewed up the slits in her dress and coaxed her to wash her face.

Mrs. Paddington had an aunt living with her; a woman of means, and bad temper, but whom it was convenient to conciliate, on account of being the "next of kin."

This aunt fell sick of a fever and died, leaving her money and taking her querulous voice to the land of shades. She laid in state for some days before burial;—one morning Deb came to our drawing-room door and called me; I went into the hall and Deb said,—

"Miss Ther'dora, I've got a great sight to show you."

"What is it, Deb?"

"Come in here," was all her answer, and I followed. There upon the bed lay the aunt, stiff and cold, dressed in black; from each post of the canopied bed a huge bunch of funereal plumes waved.

Their dead blackness and the woman's white stillness appalled me, and I shuddered; whereupon Deb took my hand and laid it upon the icy one upon the bed; with a shriek I fled, and Deb found to her astonishment that the entertainment which she had expected to afford me had miscarried.

Not until the day of the funeral, when the body was removed downstairs, could I be induced to leave our rooms. Then Deb begged so hard that I should come down to the front door and see the "mutes," who stood on either side, in deep mourning, with great streamers of crape on hats and arms—both looking solemn as owls—that I followed her.

They stood so still, I thought they were dead, but presently one covertly felt in his pocket, drew forth a plug of tobacco, watched an opportunity, took a chew, and, replacing it, dropped into solidity again.

"What are they standing here for, Deb?"

"Because they're sorry."

"Sorry for what?"

"Because she's dead."

"Poor men, why don't they come in?"

"Because they daren't."

"Ain't they her relations?" Here one of the mutes caught the conversation and broke into a grin, but speedily restored his countenance.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled Deb. "Haunt's relations, 'course they haint, they're *paid* for being sorry."

"Oh!" I said in disgust, and cared to look at the mutes no longer.

Although time had rolled the seasons one over the other, until several years had passed, and papa, finding his last patent bid fair to be of use to every one but himself, began sometimes to talk of returning to America; for all the slow flight of those months, I looked no more than a child of five, the heavy atmosphere had so retarded development. Doc and Frantztony were little better, and that was something of a consolation; still I was conscious that people judged us by our size and not our age, as witness this fact.

They had a half holiday at the Institute. Mamma had promised Doc that in the afternoon she would go with us all to Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax-works.

Jubilant, we started, mamma and Frantztony leading; I, between Doc and his boon companion, Paul Raines. We reached the entrance; a grim door-keeper received the tickets—we started to pass in, suddenly he shouted,—

"Hold! this child can't enter!" pointing to poor me.

"Why?" asked mamma.

"How old is she?"

"Over seven," answered mamma.

"That'll do to tell," he replied coarsely.

Mamma protested, Doc begged, Frances wept, Paul took me in his arms and promised to carry me,—nothing would appease that obdurate beef-eater, and nothing remained but that I must return.

Upon that, the whole party faced about: but mamma would not allow it, and therefore Paul, Doc and Frantztony entered alone.

It is unnecessary to say that I left "U-rope" without seeing Madame Tussaud's renowned wax figures, and with a fall in the rising barometer of my good opinion of the national character.

Beside Aunty Gale's there was one other house in which our presence was always hailed with delight.

Among our new friends, was a dear little couple, who worshipped babies; but having none of their own, petted a great tortoise-shell cat.

With these little people, we speedily became favorites.

One eventful night, papa took Doc and myself by the hand, and led us away from Black Horse Brewery, past stores and shops and brilliant gin palaces, to the cozy home of our little people—Mr. and Mrs. Wheldon.

It was very odd that we should be taken away

from home at night ; still, I had learned with strange unchildlike philosophy, to accept strange or unpleasant things, with silent stoicism ; beginning so young in life, to walk upon chalked lines, laid down with geometric precision.

Of the whole strange proceeding of our going, and Frances being left behind, I made the following inventory in my own mind,—Fact number one. Papa says we are to go to Mrs. Wheldon's.

Fact number two—we are to remain all night ; which is lovely, but odd.

Fact number three—Frantztony stays at home, *bccause mamma wants her.*

Fact number four—quod erat demonstrandum—find it out, Nautz Nautz. Having eased my mind by swallowing this batch of facts, I asked no questions, and we reached Mrs. Wheldon's. Somehow they weren't surprised to see us at such an hour. But so much petting and cuddling I never experienced in one evening.

Doc and Mr. Wheldon played a noisy game of echeckers. Mrs. Wheldon rocked me, feeding me meanwhile with sweetmeats, and after they had palled somewhat, she presented me with a china dog, and the "babes in the woods," and a great lot of sea shells which whispered all sorts of weird and beautiful stories when I held them to my ear.

And when bedtime came, how she smothered me

with blankets, and came back three distinct times to kiss and pet me with a sort of pitying tenderness. Then she left the candle burning and went away, while I remarked with the old time discernment—"Somethin' is up, Nautz Nautz, *don't* be a muff."

The next morning only confirmed my suspicions, for Mr. Wheldon insisted upon my having four times the amount of sausage links that were good for me, and made a circle of buttered muffins all the way around my plate. Then when ten o'clock came, and, the sun began to show the fog yellow instead of black, Doc and I were allowed to go home together.

We discussed the point fully, as we walked along, hand in hand; but Doc was ignorant too,—of that I was certain.

When we reached the house and rang the bell vigorously, blowsy Mary from the kitchen appeared, opened the door cautiously, peered out, put her grimy fingers on her lips. Here Doc burst the door in making Mary stagger, and we scampered across the hall to the staircase; when Mary, finding her voice, cried, "Master Jerome hand Dora, you'll kill your Mar hif you make such an 'ubbub." Then we stopped and looked at the girl; but she seemed in earnest, so we clasped hands and went on tip toe up to the drawing-room. There sat Frantztony on the floor before the fire, holding a bundle; mamma was nowhere. Frantztony looked wise, and put her finger on her lip; so

we asked her what she had got. Then she pulled a little piece of the blanket open and showed us a—baby.

“Blazes!” said Doc, with emphasis. “Where did you get it, Frantzony?”

“It’s mamma’s, she says it’s our little sister.”

“I’ve got *two*,” answered Doc, dolorously.

“Let’s see it *good*, Franztony,” I said. Then she pulled the blanket down and showed us a little copper-colored face and a tiny head covered with silky black hair an inch long.

“Doc, what do you ’spose God made her so red for?” I asked.

“’Cause she’s an Indian, I guess!”

“And will she be one when she grows big?”

“’Course, and maybe scalp us and burn the house down.”

“Oh, Doc!” we both cried at once, and then a faint voice from the bedroom called and then we went in to mamma, and she comforted us and told us wonderful, imaginary things that baby would do when it grew big; and installed me as nurse and asked Doc what it should be named, and without a moment’s hesitation he replied, “Traunty Nautz,” but papa and mamma called her—Hortensia.

CHAPTER XII.

THE "Indian Baby," as I persisted in calling her, proved a godsend to me, and soon came to fill the desert waste of my affections. Doc was away at the Institute so much of the time ; papa and mamma were so occupied with other matters ; Frantztony's pursuits and likings were so little in unison with mine, that no sooner had mamma promised that the "Indian Baby" should belong to me than I turned into a motherly little woman immediately, determined to watch her growth narrowly, and speedily nip in the bud any warlike and Indian proclivities which might crop out. What then was my astonishment when I daily observed the tiny face and hands losing somewhat of their copper color, and that she bid fair to become a civilized Christian child.

Papa seemed losing heart as to the success of his patent ; mamma gained health so slowly and her physician urged a return to America so strongly, as the only remedy, that we all became imbued with the idea, and before my Baby was two months old it became a fixed fact that we would sail, so soon as the weather permitted. It was now January ; in the

middle of February we children were all sent to Auntie Gale's to spend the last week, and the day before leaving London mamma, papa and Baby came. Auntie had a grand, final dinner, and all the sons and our nearest friends were present ; and we children were loaded with gifts, and everybody petted and admired my Baby, and, finally, the cab rumbled to the door and Auntie wept over and hugged us all, and the young gentlemen smothered us with kisses and bonbons, and Mr. Fred mounted the box with the driver, determined to see the very last of us, and away we rattled to the depot. By the time the morning broke, grim and murky, we were rolling into Liverpool.

Papa and Doc went immediately after breakfast to obtain passages in an out-going vessel.

For three dreary days we waited ; no steam vessel was due, and we all clamored to be off.

Therefore, a sailing vessel then lying in port, being ready to sail for New Orleans, mamma, in her weak state, agreed gladly to go in it, since the captain, upon being interviewed, seemed a most perfect gentleman.

The determination taken, and all willing to endure any amount of discomfort for the sake of returning to grandmamma, who was counting the days until our arrival in Hillsboro',—whither they had removed from the farm,—we sailed.

“ Man proposes, God disposes.”

And we, who had thought so soon to be treading the old familiar paths, were doomed to long suffering which required patience equal to the Prophet Job's.

The captain, a gentleman on land, proved a brute at sea ; abused the sailors, drank and caroused and refused the poor steerage passengers their allotted portion of fresh water, until one after another lay down with ship fever and scurvy, and papa and mamma went down into those close quarters as nurses, leaving Doc, Frantztony and me to be nurses for that angelic Baby who developed the most delightful disposition.

One day, papa came up with such a sad face, and told us that the Scotchwoman's baby had died ; and now she was frantic at the thought of putting the little waxen thing into a great sack filled with rock salt, and seeing it thrown to the sharks, which were always in our wake now.

How we pitied the poor emigrant going out alone to America, to meet her husband, who had gone before and made a home ; and now—her baby was dead. We all put our heads together and wept in sympathy, while the brutal captain refused, with oaths, papa's offer to pay for the material and time, if he would but allow the willing ship's carpenter to make a rough coffin.

A sack and rock salt, was good enough and all he had for her, he said. Then mamma looked over our

stores ; among them she found a little trunk in which she had packed delicacies ; most of which had already found their way down parched throats.

This trunk she emptied, laid in it a dainty pillow, and sent it by papa to the mother.

She, kneeling by her dead baby, prayed God to spare these new friends from like sorrow ; and then the baby was laid within ; great lumps of rock salt placed around the wee form and the trunk closed and locked. Papa went to a kind old sailor, and begged that when they buried the baby at the ringing of the six o'clock bell, *he* would see that no coarse song was sung, no rude jest made, to tear that wounded mother's heart, and the sailors who loved papa and Doc promised heartily.

The time came ; the sun sank like a ball of fire into the sea ; the bell rang, and the sharks drew closer astern, my eyes were riveted upon them ; my flesh creeping ; my heart running over with pity and pain.

Gently papa carried the baby up ; mamma leading the Scotch mother.

The dear, white-haired old sailor bared his locks. Then he came forward and read the burial service,—
“I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord.”

With one impulse, every sailor lifted his tarpaulin.

“We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and

the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The tears were running down every weatherbeaten cheek.

"Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live."

Even the fiendish sneer on the captain's face, died out.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; looking for the general Resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ ; at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the *sea*, shall give up their dead ; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Him shall be changed, and made like unto his own glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

The poor Scotchwoman's sobs had ceased—and the light of a great belief illuminated her face. Papa, with some strange impulse, took the key from mamma's hand, unlocked the little black trunk, and lifted the lid ; every bronze face in turn bent over the beautiful, still form ; and from more than one unregenerate heart broke sobs of memory, for his own buried, little ones.

Tenderly the Scotchwoman kissed the little white face ; papa slid the lock and laid the key in her palm ;

then the sailors took it up tenderly, gently swung it to and fro for a moment, keeping time to the motion with a dirge-like moan, and the little coffin slid from their hands into the great deep—down, down, fathoms below where we rode ; amid mosses and sea shells and fairy forms of beauty, and the sharks dived after it fruitlessly.

How long, how long ? moaned the suffering passengers below, as the weary days crawled on, and we lay upon a brazen sea : a brazen sun dropping scorching thunberbolts of heat upon the decks. Papa caused an awning to be stretched, under which poor Frantztony, thin and wan with fever, was carried, and two sailors drew up and threw upon the awning sea water as fast as it dried.

“What is the matter ?” asked one and another.

“Why, is it so mercilessly hot ?”

“And the water is giving out !” said a third, with a curse upon the captain.

Meanwhile, he revelled in his spacious cabin, with his boon companions, and drinking wine, knew no need of water.

And now the sailors began to murmur ; bronze brows grew black with suppressed choler.

There is little to be done ; we lie almost still upon the pulseless water ; whales play in schools at short distances ; and now the truth dawns, our drunken captain has sailed five hundred miles out of his

reckoning and taken months to accomplish what should have been done in weeks.

The sailors know the truth ! The sun drops like a fireball into the sea—the captain lies drunk in his cabin—the morning dawns ; there is an unusual stir outside ; I creep up the steps leading to the deck, and holding to the rail, look down into the vessel : the mate comes out, and an angry sailor on the watch strikes him to the floor ; the captain follows ; and now every man is lashed into fury : clubs, belaying pins, spikes, fly in all directions : *the sailors have mutinied !*

Papa comes forth, looks wildly about, sees me hanging over the railing above, flings men right and left, leaps up the steps, catches me in his arms, and is down again and in the cabin before I know what is the matter, or why I cannot stop to see the play “ out.”

Out again he goes, and by reason of his strong arms and his strong power over men, these untamed, savage natures are subdued, and they drop back like frightened sheep before his voice. Then he reasons with them, promises that their wrongs shall be redressed when we reach New Orleans, and tells them we are near the West Indies as they will see before the day is out.

And by and by the men are passive in his hands, and each goes back to his duty.

Then the captain blusters, puts four men in chains,

and threatens terrible things ; but papa tells him the authorities will be informed of his conduct, so soon as we reach harbor, and sullenly he subsides.

Presently we drift into sight of land ; the natives come out to the vessel in canoes, loaded with tropic fruits and luscious pineapples, bananas, oranges and bread-fruit, bringing delight to many a fever patient. And now the obstinate captain tacks, and we all take fresh heart, knowing that we will soon surely be home.

If any of my readers has had a like experience of three months in a sailing vessel, under most unfavorable circumstances, he may be able to understand with what intense relish we ate our first breakfast upon land. Never in my life before or since, have I tasted such French rolls and coffee as papa had brought to us, as soon as we weighed anchor. Then, with the blessings and thanks of every steerage passenger, and many a hand clasp from our rough sailor friends, papa took Baby, one of the passengers took Frantztony, who could not walk, and we once more set our feet upon free soil and turned our faces northward.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER the horror of that waking nightmare—the Ocean trip—my sensitive and sympathetic readers will readily understand to what an elysium we children were transported when we once more found ourselves upon a noble steamer, bounding through the waters of the Mississippi. After the isolation to which we had necessarily been subjected on the vessel, it was most delightful to have a genuine game of romps, or “hide and seek” in the great saloon; being bestowed first in one state room and then another, by the delicate highbred lady passengers. This was going home in earnest, the air was buoyant and transparent, and already Frantztony began to walk a little with the aid of papa; whilst my dormant wings took fresh hope and budded. I felt as though I had been dead, and only just resurrected, so intense was the life which thrilled through my blood. And, by and by, we passed acres of orange groves, and the kindly captain, beset by and entreated of all those “fair women,” actually ran ashore, and let off a gang of gentlemen who came

back loaded with ripe fruit and knots of the fragrant blossoms in their buttonholes. The second day, when we were sailing along at great speed, all counting the hours it would yet take to reach the "Queen City," turning a bend in the river, we came in sight of another gallant boat steaming up stream.

Some one urged a trial of speed between the two ; the captain, nothing loth, and proud of his vessel, gave orders : all crowded to the deck ; gentlemen drew forth their watches to note the time, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs defiantly to those on our competitor's deck. The race is a short one,—fifteen minutes, and we surge with a rush past "The New Orleans" so close that we graze, with a sickening sound. A gentleman of handsome and elegant appearance, sits with his chair tipped back, watch in hand, absorbed in our progress—when the final moment comes, in which we all but collide ; the rebound sends him headlong over the rail, and before the eyes of all he falls between the steamers, breaking his neck instantly in the descent.

What a sickening end to fifteen minutes' sport ; with that dead man upon board to cast a gloom upon the spirits of every passenger, we all hail with relief the first indications of nearing the "Queen City."

Boarding the train at once, we were whirled away at lightning speed, all absorbed in the thought of taking grandmamma by surprise. Four hours later

we roll into the depot of Hillsboro', and making a rush for the first omnibus visible, all give orders at once to the bewildered driver.

While that jehu hustles in another trio of passengers, we children become conscious of the inquisitive gaze of a handsome mulatto man who stands on the platform examining our luggage, and finally, satisfied upon some point, lifts his hat to us and starts up street on a run.

"Papa," says Doc, "do they have custom houses in America, and do our trunks have to be overhauled?"

"No!" answered papa.

"Well, I can't make out what that man running up the street meant by turning over our trunks."

"Don't bother Doc," I say, "we are going to surprise grandmamma."

And presently, we pull up before a great brick house, and the veritable mulato, with the additional ornament of a white linen apron, appears; smiling and talking over his shoulder to some one running down the stairs,—

"Right this way, Mr. Ulric, here they are; I tole you our folks had come; I knowed 'em the first blessed minnit I sot eyes on 'em."

And Uncle Ulric's bushy head appeared, and such laughing and crying, and talking as followed, would have put Babal to shame; whilst Abgar, our mulatto friend, who on his own account had played the part

of advance courier, struck attitudes and danced on the sidewalk with the baby in his arms.

Then grandmamma's lovely old face appeared, and Aunt Dora, trim, petite, and elegant as ever ; and we were carried to the sitting-room, where we all sat down in a group and cried for joy.

"Ladies and gentlemen, dinner waits," says Abgar, throwing open the door with a flourish and bow.

"Dinner !" cry I with contempt, "who wants dinner on *such* a day ? I want nothing in the world but my dear old grandmother," and the dear body holds me close, then at arms' length, takes off my funny little "cottage bonnet," misses the white curls, and falls to sobbing over me.

Poor Aunt Dora and Abgar, who for weeks past, had exerted all their skill in devising toothsome dinners for the travellers they had expected so long ; found at last, when they arrived, that they might have filled us with husks, and we would have been none the wiser, from very excess and unconsciousness of our joy.

The news of our return ran over the town in a trice ; old friends came in at all hours, and we children were borrowed to show those at home, or engagements made to go with them to church, for the sake—we fear—of exhibiting our odd little English manners and costumes.

By and by it grew wearisome to me in particular,

to be turned about, examined and questioned, in order to see whether we had brought home with us the English "H." I, therefore, demanded to be taken out of cottage bonnets, low-necked and short-sleeved frocks and slippers, and put into genuine American clothes, at once, which my mild-eyed mother immediately obeyed ; and ceasing to be a wonder, with the change of dress, I went over to the Boys and was the happy Nautz Nautz of the olden time.

Doc entered Hillsboro' college, and having successfully passed the usual tests, to which all new-comers were subjected—finding that he had a little over the requisite amount of "pluck," he was chosen leader at once, and soon proved himself invaluable in the brewing and perpetrating of innocent mischief.

Frantzony being recovered, we were sent to distinguish ourselves at a private school.

It was jolly fun for me, because Miss Larker had a piano in her beautiful parlor back of the schoolroom ; and discovering my child passion for music, she soon taught me to dance to her waltzes and schottisches, creating thereby a new source of amusement for her own lonely life. Miss Larker was very particular about the *manners* of her young ladies ; I can remember how she shuddered, when she happened to see one of our number put her pen in her mouth ; a mouse was immediately procured, and its blood dropped into the ink, and that bad habit was cured.

Chewing gum she positively forbade, on pain of punishment.

Now chewing gum—particularly tolu—was my delight; therefore, I immediately devised a way of steering clear of Miss Larker's threat.

We had parties of a Saturday, at which we did nothing but chew,—under the great pear tree in Kitty Warren's front yard; having a picket at the gate, whose duty it was to announce when Miss Larker should step forth to take her afternoon promenade; at the precise moment, the watchful picket gave the signal of the enemy's approach; every piece of tolu disappeared, and we were all engaged in plaiting "crackers" for the Boys, who had started a whip establishment and were *coining* money.

Miss Larker always stopped at the gate, and commended us for being such lady-like, industrious girls; whilst we sniffed her "musky" presence and declared she looked "perfectly lovely," dropping our faces in each other's laps—young imps that we were—to keep from shouting until her stately form turned the corner and the tolu was brought forth again. I doubt not the chewing parties might have gone on until some other innocent mischief offered itself, but there proved to be a Judas among my disciples, and one Monday morning we were somewhat surprised to find that Miss Larker had knowledge of the whole affair, but finding all the big girls in the school belong to the

tolu party, she passed the matter over, by declaring she had no jurisdiction over our manners of a Saturday. Meanwhile, I discovered the traitor. One night Doc came home sick, deathly sick.

"What can be the matter, Doc?" asked mamma; but Doc preserved silence profound.

Then grandma fixed a dose of peppermint to "settle his stomach." At the smell of it Doc turned livid, and gave up his supper.

"Doc," said I, when the horrible nausea was at its height, "where did you get that cigar?"

"That's it, you have been smoking, young man!" said mamma.

"Yes," groaned Doc.

"Where did you get it?" I repeated.

"Binnegar and nuppeneggs,"—Vinegar and nutmegs—Doc answered.

"Ha! ha! 'Vinegar and Nutmegs' sold it to you, did she? She won't stand behind her father's counter and do that again, I owe her one. She told about the tolu parties and—now I'll maul her," I whispered in Doc's ear. And I did; my determination not to become a "muff" had revived.

We had now been home almost a year, during which time we had managed between us to keep grandmamma's household from stagnation.

My baby—Traunty Nautz—as Doc still called her, had grown to be a strange, dreamy child, "never more

than half born into the world," Aunt Dora said, and I believed her, and tried to keep myself good on that baby's account, because she seemed to recognize in me her first friend, and take me as a whole, upon the profoundest trust.

Papa had gone back to Woodstock, where, having re-established his business, the household Lares and Penates were again set up, with the assistance of dear old Aunt Peggy, who came at mamma's call, from visiting her mythical "daughter" in the "Land of Nowhere"; and once more we found ourselves in the house of lang syne.

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE of the most tenacious memories of my childhood, is the dislike, amounting to fear, which I had of going to church.

I account for it in this way. My parents were Presbyterians, and belonged to the largest and richest church in Woodstock.

The family pew was in the "Amen corner;" the end of it stopped short about two and a half feet from the wall, and just here ran down a steep and narrow staircase. I remember the first time I was ever taken into that pew. Doc and myself were sent in first; mamma and papa followed.

The building was so vast and grand to my baby eyes; the ceiling seemed to be very near the clouds, which floated past and almost in, at the windows; the pulpit with its scarlet, satin damask desk and chairs, so gorgeous; every crystal pendant, that hung from the grand central chandelier, was to me a translucent star dropped from out the heavens; the Venetian blinds hung at the windows created such a sense of wonderment, as to *how* they ever could have been

made so large ; the carpet with its lovely white water lilies trailed amongst the shadowy leaves, so beautiful ; and grander than all, the gallery, which seemed to hang without visible support 'twixt ceil and floor, where the great organ, with its glittering gilt pipes and glorious volume of sound took my child's heart up and bore me straight into the presence of the heavenly host ; all caught and held my wondering gaze, so that the awful staircase was utterly forgotten. But when the voluntary was over, the first hymn sung and all stood up for prayer, and being pressed by Doc, close to the partition, I looked over and saw the stairs, which seemed to go down into the dark without an object or outlet, I leaned over and whispered to him,—

“ Doc, does you know where these stairs go ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Where ? ”

“ Don't like to tell,” Doc answered.

“ Please do, Docie ! ”

“ You won't tell ? ”

“ No ! ”

“ They go down into the Bad Place.” I drew back with a gasp and a shudder, but yet I felt an irresistible desire to look again, and be *sure* there was no door, so holding on to Doc's hand I leaned over and craned my neck to its uttermost. No end—no door and no carpet, it all looked suspicious ; I gave in, and accepted Doc's answer as the truth. From that hour,

not even Gabriel, unless he had blown sweet sounds upon his trumpet, could have made me forget that awful descent in hell ; and to this day, I never come upon this couplet in the *Æneid*—

“ Facilis descensus Averni :

Noctes atque dies, patet atri janua Ditis

Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,

Hoc opus, hic labor est,—”

But that my thoughts fly back to those awful Sabbaths of torture, when I sat shrinking at every stir of the maple branches against the window frames, expecting every moment, to see a terrible horned creature, with forked tail, such as the *Devil* was portrayed in mamma's great Bible, come stalking up those stairs in search of prey ; and I, being the first thing visible, and so small a fry at that, would needs be the first to disappear across the partition.

Doc never knew the mischief he had wrought, nor how my pride overbalanced my fear, and forced me, with all my shrinking sensitive nature, to endure the torture rather than tell my terror ; nor yet how I sat through all the sermon, erudite beyond my child's understanding, and repeated the Lord's prayer, and commandments over and over ; counted the organ pipes and the window panes ; and, as I grew old enough, even made an estimate of the cost of the latter, at fifty cents a pane, that I might forget that “descensus Averni,” up which a hot wind always

came in summer and a cold one in winter. Once, I remember timidly giving to papa that "cold wind," as a reason for not wanting to go to church : he thereupon caused some pieces of heavy long-haired buffalo hide to be laid on the floor for my small feet to rest upon, but I saw no difference and felt no more like going.

Once, one of the deacons, a saintly man, of whom we children all stood in awe, came out of his pew, walked solemnly up the aisle, ascended the pulpit steps, and spoke in low whispers to the minister, then came down, turned the corner and—*yes*, actually to my wide-eyed horror, went down those terrible stairs. This was a new theme of study for me, but henceforth, the Deacon who entered the domains and held conference with the Prince of Darkness, was as awful to me as the Prince himself.

After this second discovery, there remained but one thing, which forced me to endure the pangs of shivering fear that clutched my heart, every time I walked with assumed bravery, into the furthest corner of that pew, viz. a voice of such infinite reach and sweetness, that the instant it broke the air into threads of ecstatic harmony, I was lapped into oblivion of all things below, and could do nothing but follow with a sensitive child's quick sympathy, until the voice clothed itself in the form of an angel, and floated up to the gates of pearl. But then I fell to

wondering whether God could refuse anything that voice could ask of him. But now and then, the body to which this beautiful voice belonged was absent, and then came my hour of torment, for nothing potent enough remained, to hold my thoughts from the descent into *hell*.

If I was quiet in church, it was from fear, not from any sense of decorum or religion; one quick glance at the gallery told me whether the arms of God would be reached down to hold me in safety or not, during the services. My young Frenchman gone—gone everything—but the Prince of Darkness, who stood below ready to clutch me, if I stirred.

It was years, after all this had passed away, ere I came face to face with the owner of that voice; for some strange, prophetic feeling made me, as a child, always hold furthest from me the things I loved the best; in the dread that they could not bear my keen scrutiny and would discover some blur or blot, which would disfigure them forever. Who can tell what untold torments I thus prepared for myself, hugging to my heart many a form of imaginary beauty which my waking vision, in after years, discovered as the corpse it was; and yet I would not yield to-day a jot of all the beauteous visions of childhood. What adult, man or woman, could have the heart to destroy the strange and weird beliefs, which every little child of his acquaintance must have? Sometimes a quaint

belief will be rife among a whole family of little folks, as witness the following :—

One night, when Doc, Frantztony and myself were gathered in a bunch, on the rug at the front door, giving, in awestruck whispers, our ideas of the heavenly bodies to one another, I leaned close to them and said,—“Boys,”—I always addressed the crowd as “Boys,”—if there chanced to be a single one of the masculine gender present,—

“Boys, you remember auntie told us, that there is one angel up there,”—pointing to the clouds,—“who writes down everything we do—”

“The Recording Angel,” said Frantztony, with religiously tenacious memory.

“Yes ; writes down everything we do ; the good things on one page and the bad on the other—now where do you ’spose he gets his pen and ink ?”

“I know all about the pen,” said Doc.

“Tell it.”

“He pulls a feather out of his wing and whittles it, like papa does,”

“Oh !”

“And I know where he gets the ink,” said Frantztony.

“Where ?”

“It’s blood.”

This answer delighted Doc ; he clapped her on the

shoulder, and cried with enthusiastic praise in his tone,—“Frantztony you’re a brick!”

But, somehow—although it never entered my head to doubt her word—I did not relish the idea, very much, fearing that by the time *I* got to heaven, there being so many very good things and so many very bad things to record, all the angels would be drained dry of blood, and I would be called upon to furnish “ink,” for the rest of time.

CHAPTER XV.

"DIDO ET DUX," remarked Doc, solemnly, as he retained his footing in the swing with the skill of an athlete, holding to the rope with one hand, and conveying wild grapes to his mouth with the other.

"Dido et dux; speak up, Traunty Nautz; what kind of ducks did Dido eat?"

Traunty's great brown eyes opened wider—she leaned over and whispered in my ear,—

"What kind, I—I?"

"No whispering in classes, next—Dido et dux!"

Before I could open my mouth, Frantztony came to the door, with a face white as chalk, and said,—

"Doc, papa said you shouldn't swing while they were at church; come in, all of you, and let's play Sunday-school."

"Not for you, or 'any other man'—I say Frantztony you've been eating paw-paws, and mamma said you shouldn't, and now you'll catch it."

Sure enough, she did catch it, for inside five minutes, she was the sickest girl I ever remember seeing, Doc, in a spasm of laughter at the absurdity and good fortune of catching Frantztony in any dis-

obedience, lifted himself by the swing rope, and went to turn a summersault, as he had often done successfully, when one hand slipped, he lost his hold, and down he came to the ground, breaking his arm at the elbow.

"Traunty Nautz ; don't be a muff," I commanded, as I bent over Doc in a dead faint : and with a backward glance saw that Frantztony and the surreptitious paw-paw's were still fighting it out, and there were small hopes of help from that quarter, during the pending state of affairs.

Sunday morning, and the house empty ; papa and mamma at church, Aunt Peggy away on a visit,—ran my thoughts.

"What'll we do, I—I?"

My brave Baby's sweet voice recalled my scattered senses,—

"Tom's in a shop, I—I!"

"Bless the child, bring him quick!" and away the little feet patter taking their dainty way through the leather chips of the shop, toiling up the steps, and pounding on the greasy door, which hid aspiring Tom, bending over his latin books, from the eyes of a righteous world.

A moment, and wise, ungraceful Tom comes, lumbering across the yard, dragged by the hand.

Together we carry poor Doc in and lay him upon mamma's bed. Tom runs for the doctor,

Traunty and Frantztony sit by the bed, whilst I catch up my sun-bonnet and bound down the street to the church, five blocks away.

I will never forget that experience ; as I sped over the flagged pavement, houses, stores and court-house, seemed to fly backward with invisible wings ; at the hotel, some one tried to stop me, but I wrenched away and was gone before he recovered his equilibrium ; the burly druggist in his doorway cried, " What's the matter, Theodora ? "

" Doc's hurt ! " I pant as I bound up the great stone steps, three at a time and stand inside the vestibule palpitating—" What shall I do now ? I ask myself—then, the thrill of that sweet tenor breaks the sabbath stillness, and I almost forget that Doc is hurt, as the rich tones bear me up on angel wings.

Just then, a gentleman came up the steps, he glanced at me anxiously and finally asked,—

" What do you want, little girl ? "

" I am Miss Theodora De Graff, sir," I answered, icily.

" And what does Miss Theodora De Graff want ? "

" She wants you to go into the church, and ask for Mr. and Mrs. De Graff ! "

" But for what ? "

" Oh ! " with a suppressed whistle,—

" To come home, of course ! " disdainfully.

" But what is the matter ? "

"I never tell family affairs : they are needed."

"By the gods, this is a proud little minx."

"Don't swear in the church, sir ; are you going ?"

I asked, with my hand on the knob of the green baize door. Then he threw it off and entered : I waited just long enough to hear him say,—

"Mr. and Mrs. De Graff are wanted at home,"—and down the steps I flew—and was quietly doing the bidding of the old physician, by the time papa and mamma arrived.

"Dear, dear," said mamma dolorously, "and Aunt Peggy is away ; something always happens when she is gone."

"How did this come about ?" asked papa.

"Dido et dux,"—answered Traunty Nautz gravely.

The old physician stopped in his work upon the broken arm, to look at Traunty over his glasses, and even Doc smiled at his apt pupil, despite his pain.

"Dido et dux," she repeated, and then subsided into quiet and deeper gravity : and no further questions were asked until the arm was set, and Doc lay in comparative ease upon the parlor sofa.

I have often thought, that a bad hurt is more stoically borne, when it is the direct outcome of disobedience. Certainly, nervous, sensitive Doc bore his hurt with greater equanimity than he would, had it not come about in this way, because he felt it a just punishment. As for me, and Traunty, we sometimes

felt that we had been accomplices and coadjutors in Doc's disobedience, and made amends by doing all in our power to facilitate his recovery. Notwithstanding Doc was a Sophomore at the academy, and began to spout Latin upon every occasion, he still retained his boy love for Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights, and it became my daily practice to read these books to him and Traunty; even Frantztony—when not otherwise occupied—would stay to listen. My friend, Marmaduke Hepborn, gave me the confidential information, through the tanyard fence, when he handed me the latter book, that he would give me “most anything he had, *but* his Arabian Nights and his pop-gun,”—with which he shot pigeons. I having secured the book, began at once to resolve the propriety of rewarding such unprecedented kindness in some manner. The feeling of indebtedness to Marmaduke grew with the reading of each marvellous tale, and finally I hit upon the plan of writing him a letter of thanks, as a token of my appreciation.

Frantztony and I were at the wood-pile one day; she was singing with unction that delightful old Presbyterian hymn, beginning,—

“And are we wretches yet alive?

And do we yet rebel?

’Tis boundless—’tis amazing love

That bears us up from hell!

“The burden of our weighty guilt

Would sink us down to flames ;
And threatening vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames."

When, in an ill-fated moment I said,—“ Frantztony don't you think Marmaduke was very kind to lend me his Arabian Nights, to read to Doc ? ”

“ I don't care for such books.”

“ Now, Frantztony Nautz, didn't I catch you listening when I read Aladdin ? ”

“ Well, what if you did ? I don't think it was much for 'Duke to lend you that ; he shoots our pigeons, and I don't like him,”

“ *I do*,” I answered emphatically, “ and I mean to write him a letter.”

Frantztony pushed her sun-bonnet back, the better to see if I meant it ; then suddenly dropped her pan, into which she was picking chips for Miranda, and shot into the house.

Information of the brewing mischief reaching mamma's ears by this direct route, the result can be imagined better than portrayed by my pen : it is unnecessary to add, the letter was never written, but what small persecutions the informant received at the hands of Doc and myself are past telling.

At this late day, I am inclined to think, that when she sometimes said “ she wished she was dead,” she really meant it, being, as she was, bedevilled by two imps, for, at the least count, fifteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Doc recovering sufficiently to return to the Academy, the reading and nutting club was broken up, and mamma and Aunt Peggy enjoyed comparative quiet. But somewhere about this time a new source of amusement broke out, and rilled into our daily lives.

My father was a remarkably hospitable man, giving invitations and extending courtesies with a godlike largesse and gratuity. Hence it was, the house was rarely free of visitors ; and, if there was any fun to be gleaned out of them, Doc and Nautz Nautz, were the ones to obtain it. There came a day when Miss Clementina Patric—the daughter of an up-country tanner, with whom my father had dealings—with a laudible desire of doing credit to her autocratic name and money, developed a rapid taste for music, dancing flirting, and other womanly accomplishments needful to a young lady of fashion and means ; and her fond papa immediately sought his city friend, and begged for Miss Patric a home in the bosom of his family, during the progress of the veneering process.

The plan being laid before my mother, what could the poor woman do but acquiesce ?

It therefore came to pass, that on a certain drizzly day the expected guest arrived, well scanned from back of the venetian blinds, by Doc and Nautz Nautz. I saw nothing in particular, but a girl as broad at the hips as at the shoulders, freckled and watery-eyed.

Doc, with the superior penetration of age and wis-

dōm, seemed to swallow her appearance with a gulp expressive of delight; put his two hands on the back of mamma's pet, gothic-backed, embroidered chair, took a "leap-frog" over it, and finished, by standing head down, feet up, upon a hassock.

This being a signal of "fun ahead," I fell into line at once, and promised to follow wherever he led, so that we escaped punishment.

He made advances, the first evening after this fashion.

Sidling demurely up to the end of the sofa where she sat, with her finger between the leaves of a book of sentimental poems, he caught my eye, pointed significantly to her hair which hung on her shoulders, only kept from falling down her back by one of those abominable fish nets that woman wore at that time, and remarked in a seductive voice,—

"Now, Miss Patric, that is what I call beau-ti-ful: yes, bea-u-ti-ful."

"What is beautiful?" asked Miss Patric, taking her eyes off the fire.

"Now *some*, wouldn't call it so, because, you see, our girls wear rats and mice and cushions and such things; but I *do*. Yes ma'am I *do*!"

"Do what?"

Call it beautiful: I mean your hair!"

The girl blushed, and asked, hastily, how the city girls wore their hair.

And Dock told her in this way : " You see, they part it, fore and aft ; and then part it *fore* again ; and roll a rat in the top hair and twist a mouse in the lower hair, and screw both ends together, and fasten them on to little or nothing, with hair pins ; and then they stuff the back with kid-gloves and pin-cushions, and pin on a ' waterfall ' and twist a braid around that, and make " beau catches," down the front ; and then they think they look pretty, but I don't agree with them ; I like simplicity."

And just here, he covertly placed his thumb upon his nose and wiggled his fingers expressively, until I was near exploding and discovering the whole plot.

However, though Miss Patric looked confused at this explanation, she showed no signs of being aware that she was a mark for Doc's overflowing bump of fun : so far from it, indeed, that she must have made up her mind on the spot to consult this good-natured boy as to certain changes necessary to her city life at the seminary ; for the very next day, I came upon them both in the hall, Dock exhibiting with some degree of pride, my new kid boots, with killing French heel, the latest and most fashionable thing out,—and Miss Patric smiled and thanked him sweetly when he handed her our bootmaker's card.

I shook my finger at him, but he whirled me about, put his hand over my mouth, and dragged me out of the hall, when he remarked,—

"Nautz Nautz, this is the jolliest thing we ever had, and will yield us a hundred per cent, if you don't go and peach :—she has a lover, she told me all about it, and he's coming to see her next week, and we'll have a jolly time ; and I have to work it out, and make arrangements."

"Make arrangements for what ?"

"For her lover's coming !"

"Now, Doc, you'll get into trouble, and I'll go over to the enemy."

"Nautz—Nautz"—beseechingly.

"Well, then, keep within bounds."

"All right." But Doc kept within bounds by concealing himself back of the parlor sofa, and as the hours crept on, and Miss Patric's lover still continued to utter sentimental twaddle, Doc's cramped position became torture, sentiment palled, and taking a sudden resolve, he leaped over the sofa and darted out of the room, before either had recovered from the fright, or could think of a word to say.

How Doc ever made it up with Miss Patric, I never knew but they were ever after on the most amicable terms ; and *Doc* had gone over to the enemy.

CHAPTER XVI.

AND now a strange thing came to pass, which somewhat staggered one of the theories, which had endured and thriven so long. One noon, when we came home from school, Aunt Peggy met us at the door, with her chubby finger upon her lips, commanding silence.

Demanding a cause for such restriction, she led us into the bedroom and exhibited—The New Baby.

I had absolutely nothing to say. Traunty had come at night, let down in a basket, according to the regulations laid down in my theory—but this baby had come in broad daylight, and I knew God and the angels would never do such a thing as that.

Taken so thoroughly by surprise, I asked Aunt Peggy where they got her, and she said, that when Miranda went to cut a cabbage for dinner, she found the baby. This information I retailed to Doc, and we both agreed that when we got to Grandmamma's for vacation we would thoroughly examine the interior of every individual cabbage-head in her garden. Meanwhile, Doc having taken in the situation at once, remarked to Traunty, who stood staring with

great eyes—"Now then Traunty Nautz, what will *you* do? I guess the wind's taken out of your sails!"

Seeing the red lips tremble, I put my arm about the child and reassured her thus,—“Never you listen to Doc, Traunty, we will just have the jolliest times you ever heard of, with this New Baby: she shall be our live doll, and we'll take her to lots of places, and do lots of things with her.”

And we did. One of the first things of any special mention, which I remember our doing, was this. The New Baby was four months old; it was Saturday afternoon; mamma and Frantztony had gone to “preparatory meeting.” I eschewed preparatory meetings, not being a member: besides which they were always connected, in my mind, with being—“Plunged in a gulf of dark despair” which I was never able to contemplate with equanimity.

Therefore I remained with Traunty. Aunt Peggy was sorting out her pockets, and asked me to take care of the New Baby.

We walked about in the parlor for a little while, ground the music-box until tired, and when finding the New Baby to be a very angel of decorum and goodness, ventured out under the great apple-tree.

Presently I was struck by a bright idea.

“Traunty,” said I, “hold baby and I'll build a house up in the tree, just like the Swiss Family Robinson's, and we'll take the baby up there.”

So Traunty sat down on the grass and took her in her arms. I procured half a dozen short boards and a ladder which Doc had made to serve some present purpose, out of two clothes props and some slats ; ascended the ladder, drew up my planks, and soon had a respectable floor arranged across two limbs.

Then I held the baby and the ladder, and sent Traunty up with her picture book, following with the New Baby.

Then to make the whole affair more like the Robinson family, I gave the ladder a push, and sent it headlong into the grass.

We were having the most innocently delightful time, when Aunt Peggy appeared, evidently in a fright.

She waddled hither and yonder, put her glasses on, then lifted them up and looked under them ; we watched her complacently—finally she called : “ Miss The’dora, where are you ? ”

“ Here ! ” we both answered ; she stood in the middle of the yard, and looked into the clouds.

“ Heaven preserve.”

“ And pickle us ? ”—I prompted.

“ Heaven preserve and pickle us, where has that chile gone and taken that New Baby ? ”

“ Here ! ” we both repeated.

Then she saw us :—

“ My stars—”

"And garters," I prompted.

"My stars and garters, how did you ever get up there, and what will your mother say?"

"We flew up; and she won't know it."

"How did you get the Baby up?"

"Put a rope round her neck, and pulled her up."

"Bless me, that chile *is* possessed."

"I say, Aunt Peggy, don't come too close; for this is where the witches meet, and if you get inside the ring, *you'll never forget it*, that's all."

Aunt Peggy got further out, with alacrity, but in her haste stumbled over the end of the ladder, and went headlong into the grass; at which, Traunty Nautz, who was gravely spelling out "Jack and the bean stalk," looked down, and remarked,—

"Dido et dux."

"Bless me," cried poor Aunt Peggy, adjusting her cap and glasses; "bless me, that child's bewitched too."

"Now, then, Aunt Peggy, stand from under, I'm going to throw the New Baby down, and you might get hurt."

Aunt Peggy screamed hysterically.

"Well, then, to spare your feelings I guess I'll come down by the ladder, if you think you can put it up: but don't get too close, or you'll get inside the ring."

Poor Aunt Peggy, with much puffing, finally placed the ladder to my satisfaction.

“Now, then, come up and get the Baby.”

“Stars alive, you don’t think I could come up this old thing without breaking my bones?”

“Now that I come to think of it, I don’t believe that ladder ever was created to bear one hundred and seventy pounds avoirdupois—so if you just keep your distance and hold it fast, I’ll bring her myself.”

Aunt Peggy planted her feet far out, and held it with a vim.

I descended successfully, laid the Baby on the grass and returned for Traunty; then I gave the Baby to my nurse, caught up a switch, drew a rapid circle about her and said—“Now then, Aunt Peggy Dawson, you’re inside the circle, and if you tell this to mamma, when she comes from preparatory meeting, I’ll see all the witches of my acquaintance and you shall be,—

‘Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,’

before night.”

“Dido et dux,”—added Traunty Nautz, with solemnity.

Then we walked away, leaving poor Aunt Peggy rooted to the ground. Years filled with sunshine and cloud had rolled over our heads, before this escapade leaked out.

Standing with wearied heart and waiting soul in the Present, and looking back into the Past, upon the other self, which personated me in those days, I find

it hard to create a unit from the two individualities, and am sometimes struck with astonishment, that I ever reached "years of discretion" at all. To day, I cannot wonder that mamma and Aunt Peggy hailed with delight the nearing of vacation, and sewed night and day in order that we should be ready—by the coming of that—to migrate to grandmamma's.

To the blessed memory of my grandmother, I give the deepest and purest love of my life ; I never knew her to speak sternly to us, and she never wearied of us, showing always the same placid patience and sweetness, no matter what capers we cut.

They had again removed to a farm, nine miles from Hillsboro,' and the range we had of miles of beauteous fields and woods, was enough to woo older and wiser heads than ours.

For some reason, I was detained after Doc and Frantztony had gone upon their vacation visit ; but to make up for this disappointment, mamma promised to let me travel thither alone.

Was there ever anything so perfectly grand ? The railroad ran within half a mile of grandmamma's farm, and Uncle Ulric was to meet me at the station.

The looked-for day arrived. Mamma, in her doubt and solicitude as to whether she was doing a wise thing in allowing me to travel alone, actually let me persuade her, that it was the proper thing for me to wear my brand-new chipbonnet, which was trimmed

with blue ribbons and forget-me-nots, and had come among the show bonnets from New York.

I wanted to look stunning, and make Frantztony—who had travelled in her school hat,—jealous. I succeeded in making myself ridiculous, instead.

The great omnibus rattled to the door ; papa and I got in, whilst Aunt Peggy handed me my luggage and I counted on my fingers according to mamma's instructions,—

“ Big box, little satchel, bandbox and parasol,”—arriving at the depot, papa found a vacant seat in the cars, piled up my things in the corner, and asked for my purse, which he proceeded to replenish ; then he left me, and presently brought back with him the conductor, whom I treated icily, having no use in the world for him, unless it was to take care of feeble old men and inefficient women ; I was capable of looking after myself.

The bell rang, while papa was still admonishing me—“ Not to lose my ticket, to be sure and get out at the right place, not to put my head out of the window, or forget any of my things, or —

But the cars showing a disposition to leave without waiting for him to get off, he left the rest unsaid, kissed me hastily, and sprang off the moving train.

Presently one of the Professors from the Academy came up the aisle, nodded, turned over the vacant seat in front, and sat down facing me. I had no

doubt whatever, that the Professor was an excellent instructor, and a good man in his place ; but I did not relish being catechized as to my attainments ; and made my answers as concise as good breeding would allow ; besides, an hour wasn't half long enough for me to take in and digest all the June glories, past which we flew.

Finally, seeing I had no need for him, the Professor became absorbed in his paper ; but that was the most delusive train humanity ever boarded.

Judging from the manner in which we rushed off at starting, one got the impression that he would be landed in the middle of somewhere in no time ; but no sooner had we gone a few miles, and got beyond eyesight and spy glasses, than we crawled along abominably.

" This," said the Professor interrupting my uneasy look, " is the *blackberry* train ! "

" Why do they call it *that* ? "

" Well, because they make it a point to go slow enough, to allow such passengers as are ' so disposed,' to gather blackberries."

" At my grandmother's, blackberries do not get ripe until July."

" Don't they ? " questioned the Professor, with a facetious smile.

" Well now, perhaps I *am* mistaken ; we are about to stop, I will go and ask the conductor."

Stop we did, long enough I thought, to give that engine a meal ; victuals that would last until the millennium.

Once going, the Professor returned and remarked,—
“ I *was* wrong Miss Theodora, the conductor informs me that they run slow in order not to run over the cattle ; and at this place they take the precaution of putting the cow-catcher upon the rear of the train.”

“ What for ? ”

“ In order to keep the animals from running over it.”

“ Absurd ! ” I cried, in disgust, and the Professor smiled facetiously.

Then it began to rain, not a gentle, pleasant, laughing shower ; but a frowning drip-drizzle that gave me the blues, when I thought of my beautiful bonnet, and ashes-of-roses parasol.

When we reached Hillsboro' the conductor showed his face, and told me complacently, that the train I was to have taken here for the last few miles ride had already gone—we had missed it.

For what reason, he did not say, and no one else seemed to know, but that it was a conspiracy against my blue bonnet, I felt in my bones ; but plucking up courage, as he began to gather up my luggage, I asked when the next train would go out and he told me not until seven o'clock in the evening.

Nine hours to wait at the depot, with no possibil-

ity of getting anything to eat, since it was pouring its best, now.

Nothing remained but that I should philosophically fit myself to circumstances, since circumstances refused to adapt themselves to my pleasure; so I made myself acquainted with the two or three travel-stained fretful little children, who trotted about the room: played hide and seek, and told them stories, till I had almost forgotten that I was left.

Three o'clock came, it still poured, and I was wretchedly hungry. Then, it struck me that I was unacquainted with the contents of the little satchel, which Aunt Peggy had handed in so gingerly, and I concluded to examine it, with the children's help.

"Bless me," I cried as I opened it, "why didn't you think of this before, Miss Stupidity.

The dear old soul had put therein a lot of cookies, a couple of sandwiches, and a half dozen of crispy little pickles.

"Now we'll have a party, and you are all invited," I said; and the children danced with glee—then they all went to the other side of the room, while I spread the napkin in which my good things were wrapped upon the dusty seat; and the children came back and knocked at the door, and I played hostess, and gave them seats and distributed refreshments, and we were all as happy as happy could be, while a steady downpour dropped from the clouds, and dripped from

the eaves and plunged in a stream from the water-spouts.

By and by, when it was nearing the time for the train to arrive, and the children were fast asleep on the benches who should come into the depot but good William Judson, a drover who lived near Grand-mamma's. I could have hugged him for joy, notwithstanding his pants were tucked into his great muddy boots. And when I had explained matters, the good man seeing that I was almost giving down, took all the burden off my mind, by telling me he would see me every step of the way to the farm, if Uncle Ulric was not at the station to meet me, and he thought it hardly possible having been expected in the morning train. Sure enough, when we finally reached the station, no Uncle Ulric was visible; the good drover carried my things into a neighbor's house, borrowed an umbrella, and begged me to let him carry me.

"I am twelve years old," I said, thinking that was sufficient.

"Well now, who would have thought it, you're such a little mite."

"But heavy as lead," I answered.

"Let me see."

And before I knew what he was about, he had me in his strong arms and was wading through the seas of mud with the umbrella pitched at an angle,

which sent all the drippings on my blue bonnet, but I held my peace, and am glad to this day that I did.

When we reached the graveyard, I begged so hard to be let down that he finally complied, protesting against setting my gaitered feet in the clayey mire, which I soon found stuck with such tenacity that it was all I could do to draw them up at each step. We moved on slowly up the lane; could distinguish the stems of the lombardy poplars faintly, then distinguished the low, soft continual sighing of their leaves. Then we reached the gate, lifted the latch, and walked around to the side door; Aunt Dora opened at the knock.

Grandmamma, Uncle Ulric, Frantztony and Doc sat cosily paring and eating June apples. "Theodora!" "Nautz Nautz!" "Dick!" were the various exclamations which greeted me. I stepped inside, and stuck fast to the carpet.

Grandmamma took me in hand, while Aunt Dora saw Mr. Judson off. What a battery of questions they flung at me, how Doc laughed and asked what it cost to have my face tattooed, and when Aunt Dora turned upon me with, —"I should have thought you would have had sense enough to take your bonnet off, Theodora!" and Uncle Ulric, whose curls stood up, whilst he unlaced my boots, remarked,—

"Dick never means to become a 'muff,' it is self-evident!"

I grew desperate; particularly when Frantztony capped the climax with,—

“What a pretty bonnet, to wear the rest of the summer,”—and slipping out of my muddy shoes, took the two dripping blue strings in my fingers, and swung it into Aunt Dora’s bedroom on her white counterpane saying,—

“Who cares, it will be as good as new to-morrow,” and fled to grandmamma’s arms, to be cuddled and soothed.

Sure enough, the next morning found the blue bonnet in beautiful condition, considering the tribulation it had seen, having only faded a shade lighter.

Aunt Dora was delighted but astonished.

“Didn’t I tell you, nothing hurts me Aunt Dora?”

“I hope it will always be so,” she answered sadly; but I did not stay to question the matter with my Future, for farmer Strong’s team came rumbling down the road, with his tall, manly son Malcolm for driver, and catching sight of me, he reined in his horses and cried,—

“Good morning, Miss Sheldon, good morning, Theodora, I’m ever so glad you’ve come; I met Will Judson this morning, and he told me you were here, wish I’d have known it, and I’d have been at the station myself, with Kitty and my trap; she goes in three minutes and forty seconds now, and I’m coming to take you out, to try her, if you’ll go!”

"Won't I though, it will be glorious, nothing ever went fast enough for me yet."

"Are you at work on the road, Malcolm?" asked Aunt Dora.

"Yes'm, it has come father's turn, and I'm hauling the gravel."

"From where, Malcolm?"

"From the gravel bank, three quarters of a mile up the road!"

"Malcolm, would you let me go?" I asked.

"Theodora?" cried Aunt Dora.

Malcolm's eyes danced. "Please let her go, Miss Sheldon. I'll take good care of her, and I have a sheepskin for her to sit upon."

"Dora, let the child go," came grandmamma's dear voice from the sitting-room, and before Aunt Dora could answer, I had darted out and had been helped to the sheepskin seat.

I have ridden behind many a high-stepping steed since, with cavaliers who successfully ran the entire social gamut but remember no drive, that brought me unalloyed delight, or made

"My heart's quick pulses vibrate"
with their passionate want and out-reaching in such perfect harmony with Nature's.

Malcolm taught me so many things, stopped the team, and showed me where to find the first luscious dew-berries, glittering down among the wet grass;

and as we passed the graveyard, he pointed with his whip to a new mound and said,—

“There is where old Mrs Colby, was buried last week. She was a good woman, when any one was sick, but awful stingy ; she had her silver teaspoons put in her coffin.”

This remark struck me forcibly, and I said, in reply,—

“Malcolm, I think that is the grandest thing I ever heard of any one doing. You said she was a good nurse, now you know *of course* there must be sick people—especially babies—in heaven sometimes, and she remembered that, and took her best spoons along ; —I mean to do that too—If I ever have any silver teaspoons, you know,”—I remarked reflectively.

Malcolm made no reply, so I presumed he was convinced of the old lady's disinterestedness. When we reached the gravel bank, Malcolm helped fill my apron pockets with pretty pebbles and dainty little shells, while the men loaded his wagon ; then we drove back another way, and coming around the rear of Squire Johns' farm, he pointed out a persimmon tree, loaded with fruit.

Did you ever eat June persimmons ? I have. And found them so delightful that I took a pocketful of fine ones to Doc and Frantztony.

That one disinterested act of my life was not appreciated.

Then I found out where the golden rod and feathery birch grew, and reached home, brimful of news and hungry as a young lion.

The very next day, I cajoled Frantztony down Squire Johns' lane, to the swampy ground where the birch grew.

We took a basket to gather moss, but my object was—birch.

Who could see the long sprays of peach-colored bloom nodding and waving like plumes in the wind, without coveting it? Had we persuaded Doc to go it would have been wiser. We started out in immaculate pink chintz and white stockings, we came back a sight to behold.

The ground was broken into little hummocks, upon which we stepped gingerly: from one to another we went, sometimes under calculating the leap, and missing: the consequence was, mud splashes, black as tar.

All at once, Frantztony screamed and dropped her birch.

"What's the matter, Frantztony Nautz?"

"Hornets!" she gasped.

"Hornets don't build in the grass, they're yellow jackets, and sting worse; why don't you come off?"

"They'll all fly up, if I do!"

"Then the best thing you can do, is to stay there and hold them down."

"Dear, dear, I wished I'd stayed at home!"

"Sing a hymn, Frantztony, while I run and get some one to help you."

"I can't, they buzz so, I couldn't keep in tune."

Just then, the barking of a dog, reached our ears, and looking up the lane, here came Towzer, Squire Johns' great mastiff, tearing toward us with immense leaps, urged on by the Squire's hopeful son and heir, a young theological student just returned from college.

As he clapped his hands and laughed, my esteem for theological students dropped to zero. Had we known, what *he* did, that Towzer was an ancient and toothless quadruped, incapable of anything beyond bark and snarl, we might have entered into the spirit of the sport with greater relish. And when the dog made a rush at Frantztony, she sprang frantically to the next hillock and the next, the yellow jackets swarmed out and took possession of Towzer.

"The grass did not grow under our feet" on the return trip, but when we reached the spot where Clarence Johns stood waiting, and he saw our sorry flight, he seemed to have some faint regret, that he had added to our fright, and tried to make amends by leaping over the orchard fence, and bringing us great sweet apples.

Frantztony accepted hers:—I, indignant, insulted that no outright apology was made, turned my back

upon him, and walked away home ; with my armful of feathery plumes waving over my spattered shoulder.

"How *did* you come with so much mud, Theodora?" asked grandmamma, as she rocked in her old arm-chair on the porch.

"Got it in the swamp, but then it paid. I couldn't get the birch without."

"Who will wash and iron your clothes, if you do this every day?"

This phase of the subject was a new one.

"Bless me grandmamma, I never thought of it, but I will now; I'll stay in Aunt Dora's sanctum and read Fox's Martyrs all day to-morrow: I hate it, because it makes my bones hurt and my flesh creep, but *I'll do it*," and I did.

CHAPTER XVII.

As I look back over these years, I am not in the least ashamed that we were on a continual "rampage ;" for all creation and its inhabitants were continually turning either their ludicrous or witty side toward us young burlesquers.

Among the people who afforded us untold amusement at this time, was an old gentleman who had developed an especial liking for my father. He was brimful of eccentricities, and never made an utterance that was commonplace. He was the proprietor of what I styled "Noah's Ark ;" since his store combined a little of everything made, from the creation of the world down to the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and seventy. What trivial excuses Doc and I made, for the purpose of rummaging through "Noah's Ark."

Now it was a beater to my hoop, or handles for our jumping ropes, or mayhap a round file, or a shot pouch ; and to see the dear white-haired old man, with his glasses pushed up on his head, peering among his stores for our small necessities was good

enough in itself. But *such* things as we unearthed, from a needle threader up to the first plough ; an assortment of bonnets ranging from the Plantagenets down ; doll babies with one eye, which rolled hideously, paintings and stovepipes in juxtaposition ; axes with the edges turned, hobnobbing with glittering sword blades ; ancient books and easy chairs ; masks and stage dresses, and all the concomitants that go to make the very charm and quintessence of a first class "second-hand store."

How this old gentleman, with his vast fund of information upon every subject, from the theory of evolution to perpetual motion up and down, ever came to settle in such a business, was to say the least wonderful.

He was usually in the habit of taking tea with us Sunday evenings ; and having his own particular idea upon the manner in which children should be dieted, from the first stirred up the minds of my parents, upon the injury to our constitutions, by allowing us to drink tea and coffee.

Papa and mamma agreed that it was undoubtedly wrong : whereupon the old gentleman at once called for hot water, cream and molasses.

Being waited upon, he proceeded to prepare four cups of what I termed "slop : " Doc called it "cambric tea," the three of us elevated our democratic noses in disgust and pushed back our cups ; Frantz

tony because she was dutiful, and it was Sunday, swallowed hers.

Papa, observing my motion, called me to him afterward, and told me it was disrespectful to our guest not to drink what he had prepared: for answer I ran to the dining-room and brought back my cup, asking him to taste; the swallow seemed to suffice, for he made a grimace, and said no more. Nevertheless the old gentleman's little freak was indulged every Sabbath evening, and the cups stood untouched at all the places but Frantztony's.

But there came a time, when one eccentricity of which he was possessed insured our relief. He held the belief that it was quite possible to invent a successful flying machine." For years he directed his learning and genius toward this attainment, and having arrived at what he believed success, ascended to the roof of the smoke-house, to try his "wings." With a mighty effort he went up a few feet, but as suddenly, with a reverse action the wonderful machine careered and brought the inventor to the earth, with a broken shoulder-blade.

"Now then," said Doc, when his disaster reached his ears,—“Now then, I guess he'll not fix any more sweetened wind for us.” And we had our revenge.

At this time we lived upon the banks of the river; papa's property taking in a full square.

First came the store, where finished leather was

hung and sold, next the house, a low old-fashioned frame, in which we lived ; then a tenant house, then the tanyard and next, the large frame house, in which Mr. Hepborn, papa's partner, lived. He was an English gentleman, who had crossed the waters about the same time as we returned to America ; and had sons and daughters, large and small, fair and dark.

Mrs. Hepborn—a dear little woman who seemed to have been born with a remarkable knack for *darning*, after the original fabric had disappeared entirely, and who must have entered life, with a sock already stretched upon her small fist, since I never remember seeing her without her usual work—added more than she ever knew, to the stock of fun Doc and I always had on hand.

Once, I remember, she called me to the fence, held up a fine thrifty tomato plant, and asked,—

“Theodora, can you tell what his the matter with my tomatoes, they don't bear at hall?”

“It isn't time yet,” I answered.

“Hisn't time yet, child, why, Mr. Hepborn got some at the market this morning.”

“They came out of the hothouses.”

“'Ot 'ouses? Then when will mine bear fruit? There hisn't a sign of a tomato hon them; I've pulled nearly hall up, and they're hall alike!”

I forgot my manners, and screamed with delight,

the little woman expected to find the tomatoes in the ground, as potatoes grow, and had consequently, been industriously digging them up to find fruit. I tried to explain the matter, but she either mistrusted me, because I had laughed, or else really could not understand: so I ran home to tell this good thing to Doc, who was lying on the sofa in the middle of a chill, and sent mamma over, to verify what I had already told Mrs. Hepborn. Poor Doc, how he did laugh, while his teeth chattered, and then the chills ran a race up and down his spine, and clutched his heart until the blood seemed to pass from the right to the left ventricle in a frozen stream, which swept like ice through his veins, and sent him into a spasm of shivers while he groaned,—

“An-o-ther blan-n-n-ket D-i-i-ck, an’ ho-t b-r-r-icks an’ a d-o-s-e Col-e-gog.”

All of which orders I obeyed, giving a double dose of colegog, in the belief that if one dose was good, two doses were better.

And then I ran about in search of a full grown cobweb, with which to make a pill; and bringing it to Doc, dropped it between his chattering teeth telling him, that now he *would* be better; which sure enough he was, whether owing to the pill, or the natural course of chills, I cannot say and then, the blankets disappeared over the back of the sofa, and the bricks came with a crash to the floor, and Doc roared like a

young simoon for "water," and turned all in a moment, from the meekest of patience into the most abominable young tyrant, which I soon put a stop to, by saying,—

"St. Jerome De Graff, do *you* like plum cake?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"None of your American stingy cakes, you know, with one raisin stuck in the middle—" I went on,—

"No sir!" said Doc.

"But the genuine thing, that the English beef eater's like, stuffed chuck full, of raisins and currants and citron and lemon——"

"And all the rest," said Doc, "where's the cake?"

"I didn't say *I* had any."

"But you have, you wouldn't tease a sick man like that, Dick, would you?"

"Well, if *you* are the sick man; no, here it is, Mrs. Hepborn sent it to you, and she had one of Marmaduke's socks stretched over her fist all the time she was cutting it."

"Was it clean?" asked Doc.

"What, the fist?"

"No, stupid, the sock."

"Give me that cake, or beg my pardon, like the high-bred gentleman you are."

"Delectable angel; peaches and cream, and honey on a rag, I humbly beg your pardon—" said Doc, with a mouthful of cake.

“Granted ; but mind you never abuse your nurse ; day after to-morrow you’ll have another chill.”

Doc made a grimace, and bolted the last morsel of plum cake, just as the door opened and Aunt Peggy entered. She had but just returned from a visit to her daughter.

Now one of Aunt Peggy’s peculiarities consisted in “pockets,” She commenced with her dress and put a pocket in every seam ; the seams coming to an end, she made great bags, and attached strings, and tied them about her waist, under the dress ; therefore when she travelled, the greater part of her portable property, was contained in the pockets. She was something of a doctress, as well as a nurse, and compounded various medical articles and doses, which she always carried about her, like a good Samaritan, ready for any emergency.

One thing she manufactured, and about which I always felt great interest, was what she styled “Bread of Life”—a wonderful, opaque substance, which looked like clay with diamond dust, mixed in it, but which, upon tasting, you found capable of elevating every particular hair upon your head ; by reason of its strength ; as well as taking every particle of skin off your throat. But the patient who adhered to a certain daily dose of the “Bread of Life,” need have no fear of dying, at all.

It just occurs to me here, that if those who have

already found the famous Fountain of Youth of the renowned Ponce de Leon would unite to its draughts, the taking of a morsel of the "Bread of Life" the effects might be something wonderful.

At this present speaking, Aunt Peggy waddled into the room, loaded in all quarters.

"Well Miss The'dora, how's everybody and your nother, and what's the matter with Master J'rome?"

"We're all well but Doc, and he has the chills."

"Nasty things," said Doc, "as if it wasn't enough to have had a broken arm."

"Now Master J'rome," said Aunt Peggy, "I just thought you'd be a having them pretty soon, when you went and drank that fresh buttermilk and went out in the sun to fish."

"Will that give you the chills Aunt Peggy?" I asked.

"'Course it will, chile."

Here was a discovery ; if it could be utilized what unheard of wealth it might bring me. Papa was an inventor and always experimenting, I was no true daughter, if I did not at least make one effort to follow in his footsteps.

Hence, when the next day's sun, came down with a merciless scorch on the white stone steps at the front door, I crept into the spring house, dipped up a great mug of fresh buttermilk from the churn, and proceeded to business.

It was terribly hot, and buttermilk was always loathsome in the highest degree, to my palate, but, for the mere gratification of temporal comfort, would I let humanity broil in July and August, when by such a simple experiment, I might confer a benefit which would endure until the millennium?

Not I, indeed! Therefore I raised my tankard, sipped my buttermilk with as much unction as if it had been the nectar of the gods, and bared my head to the sun. I reached the bottom of the mug, and felt that I was slowly melting and that my brain was baked to a cinder—therefore considering the trial to have lasted a sufficient length of time, I took myself into the house and to bed all that afternoon, with a blind sick headache; but refused steadfastly to give any reason for it.

I stuck to my purpose valiantly, despite being burned “black as an Indian,” but the experiment was of no avail; buttermilk and sun-baths would not do the work for me; and to this day I have been doomed to live without knowing the delicious sensation of a refreshing “chill” in July.

To those who choose, however, to try the experiment, I give a hearty God-speed, and success to you.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH the inborn knowledge that girls, in the long run, disappointed me; that there was about them a something limp and placid that failed to meet and fill my out-reaching heart and nature,—what wonder that the true, manly boy, shadowing forth the latent strength and fortitude of after years, touched with these traits the corresponding chords within my child's heart, and made me know, with a child's indefinite feeling, that here stood the future master of my life's harmonies or discords, as the case might be.

Although my boy friends were many, I was not conscious of a distinctive love for any particular one. It seemed as though each one struck with vibrant thrills some one magnetic chord within my nature; but it took *all combined* to make the harmonious whole which alone would satisfy my heart.

And when, by and by, I grew to be one of their number in almost every excursion, I had the satisfactory feeling that I was missed by them all if it chanced that I was ever detained; when such a detention happened, what marvellous tributes of affectionate consideration those boys brought me; the

“Indian smoke pipe,” white and unsullied as new snow ; lovely lichens holding up tiny cups to catch the dew ; “slippery elm” bark ; clumps of exquisite moss, in full bloom, with an array of lilliputian soldiers, standing stiff and upright, hats half off ; mussel shells of pink and purple and cloudy pearl. Do girls ever think of each other in *that* way ? I wot not.

Among them was a boy whose nature was as sweet, dusky and fragrant as a June twilight. No time nor tide can ever wash his memory from out my heart.

He never made any showy manifestations of affection, but was content if each day found me in a mood to let him see me to and from school, carrying my books and slate with his. At the gate we always parted, he saying, in his sweet, bright voice,—

“Thank you, Theodora,” as though I had conferred some great favor—and if by any chance I gave him a smile, or pulled a rose from my belt and reached it to him, the great blue eyes were straightway dim with tears.

Sometimes, in a fit of royal fellowship and good feeling, I would even listen when he begged me to come in and let him swing me in the great-boat swing which hung in his back yard.

With the knowledge which came later, I have cause to believe that those times, when he sat by my side and kept that great machine going, transported him to a heaven of delight.

Once he coaxed me to go "coasting," and half way down that long icy slide, a hidden snag threw us into the air, and I came down with force upon an old oyster can, which cut a great ragged hole in my knee.

Can I ever forget how tenderly his trembling fingers bound up the wound with his handkerchief, while I sat, white as death, struggling to keep my senses ; and he kept moaning,—“ Oh ! Theodora, to think that *I* did this ; and I wouldn't have hurt you for worlds and worlds.”

Nor yet, how he made a cushion of his overcoat, and comforter and mittens even, to lay me on, and draw me gently home,—telling the whole story in firm, manly tones, shielding me, taking the whole blame, begging to do anything in restitution.

George ! George La Rue, from out the heaven where you walk to-day, do your thoughts ever wander back to the child-woman, for whom you died, and love her still ? Judging all the errors of her life,—for which she has paid a heavy forfeit,—with the tenderness no other can ever feel, because they cannot “ know ” her as you did ?

Do you remember that one lovely eve when you rowed me up the river, past and underneath long rows of willows, which hung their fingers in the singing waters ; on, past the old sycamores whose branches hung full of beauteous spheroids ; far up to the old

weatherbeaten mill, where the great wheel, filled and emptied its buckets with such lazy ease? Nor how I, leaning over, dabbling my fingers in the gurgling waves, which lapped the sides of "The Helen," saw all at once a crescent moon, and her attendant evening star, and broke the happy silence with,—“George! I wish you could row down, down, down, through all the world, till we came out on the other side, and caught up with the moon and the evening star, and went sailing with them, forever and forever!” Nor how the blue eyes dilated with quick sympathy, and your answer was,—

“I love you, Theodora, and mean to live and die for you.”

“Very well,” I answered solemnly, as though I were a queen upon her throne, and only accepting the homage due me.

And then you asked,—

“Do you love pond lilies, Theodora? Great, creamy things, as big as cups and sweet as —— as love?”

“Pond lilies? O, George!”

“We can’t get them to-night, because they grow ever so far up stream, past the old mill,—”

“Past the old mill,” I echoed, dreamily.

“And it is getting dusk, we must go back. But I will come and get them for you, Dora, dear,” with a lingering of the sweet voice upon the last word.

“Thank you,” I said, gently, and then we rowed

swiftly back, and you sprang ashore and made the boat fast, and stood on the pebbly beach holding out your hands to me ; and with clasped fingers we walked up the bank and around the corner home, parting at the gate.

But two days afterward, when "The Helen" upturned, came drifting downward with the current, a trail of water-lilies in her wake, long before they brought your form and laid it in your mother's arms, I knew that you had 'died for me.'"

In a dusky fastness of my heart's garden, I hewed you out a sepulchre ; there upon a bed of water-lilies, I laid my beautiful dead, and there to-day you rest, a vital power, a living presence, through all my life.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHO is able to tell, with any degree of certainty for what different metals he shall prove a loadstone?

It therefore behooves me, being true to history, to tell the manner in which I was made aware of an admiration, hitherto unknown.

At this time, Frances and myself had been removed from the free to a select school, taught by a lady, more pretty than wise, more lymphatic than long-suffering.

Here, as everywhere, the boys were the friends upon whom I placed dependence for future need; while the feminine portion served present uses. At the afternoon session of a cold, raw, March day, one of the elder girls, came bringing me a tiny letter, sealed in approved style with two doves billing and cooing.

It was just before the bell rang; we all stood about the stove, warming; at the sight of that letter every girl turned jealous.

I received it with feelings mixed; broke the seal, read the contents with rising indignation, reached the name,—Horace Carnes,—and felt my cheeks turn hot

Not one of those girls present, but would have felt

proud that the aristocratic Carnes boy should have singled her out from among such a "rosebud garden of girls—" save *myself*. That queer, little, sensitive, callous, shrinking and bold atom of womanhood—me! who could be won by "a gradation of gentle approaches," alone.

I waved the girls aside, walked to the stove, opened it, tossed the letter in, shut the door with a vim, and rubbed my fingers with my handkerchief, vigorously.

All the girls were "dying" to know the contents of that letter, but only one of them—for whom I had use—should ever know them from *me*.

Ann Fawkes was a tall, bronze image, who attracted me, because she rarely spoke; in truth, never, unless forced to.

I rarely looked at the girl, but a shivering sensation of prior knowledge of her existence,—not of a pleasant nature,—forced itself upon me. Later, I worked out this feeling by a somewhat far-fetched, but satisfactory analysis,—it is this:—Once, while living in the great city of London, on a certain awful night in November, Doc, Frantztony and myself, for some reason, had been left alone for an hour or two; we sat cuddled together upon the floor, before the long drawing-room window, watching the passers-by, then the lamp-lighters with their links; finally, an awful swaying multitude; a forest of heads and blinking lights, which came reeling down the street with

such unearthly shrieks, groans and yells, as only an English mob can create.

On they came, we three shrinking, and shivering with fear!

In the midst—an awful human form—as we thought—upheld to be beaten, stoned, egged, cursed; onward they swayed, struggled, rocked, until they reached the open square, where a hasty gallows was improvised and the human fac simile—as it proved to be—hung thereon. Afterwards, with renewed yells and curses, it was cut down, bound to a stake, faggots heaped about it, and set on fire; the flames went dancing, and revelling about the thing to the mad delight of the multitude, while we ignorant children sat glued to the spot, shivering and horror-stricken, beholding, as it proved, the burlesque burning of Guy Fawkes, of gunpowder fame.

Ann always took me back to that time, and I thought I could trace a resemblance to Guy.

With such an ancestor, on the other side of the water, she would assuredly serve my purpose, although the harm I contemplated was neither great nor lasting.

After school, I beckoned her to me, took my way to the alcove of the church door, next the school house, and told her what I wanted.

“Ann, you know I got a letter?” I said.

The bronze statue nodded.

"And it was from Horace Carnes?"

The velvet pupils dilated with interest.

"And he says he loves, loves me, *me*,—bah,"—with contempt.

The image winked its black eyes and nodded repeatedly.

"And he asked me—to be his girl!" scornfully.

The bronze statue frowned, and beat the stone step with its foot.

"Ann, you remember George La Rue?"

The velvet pupils grew dim with wistful tears, while the bronze head acquiesced.

"I never told any one else, and you would die before *you* would tell it, Ann?"

The bronze image made a gesture as if tearing out its tongue and shredding it.

"Well,—George died for me, because he loved me; but he never once called me 'his girl,' *never once* Ann, but I think I was, I *think* I was."

Here I sobbed—and a bronze arm stole around my shoulders.

"The *hateful* pussy cat,—" I exclaimed, and the arm withdrew itself.

"Not you, Ann dear, I like you, because you aren't like the rest—but that Carnes boy—'his girl'—how dared he?"

Ann doubled a bronzed hand into a fist and shook it menacingly.

“That’s just it Ann,—I mean—to—whip—him ! Do you hear that, Ann ?”

The black eyes danced with delight.

“Well,—he said I should ‘wait on the church steps for him ; and I’m going to, and I want you to hold my books and be ready to help, if I *can’t* whip him.’”

The whole bronze body bent and nodded in answer.

“He will come directly, be ready !”

Ann laid her books down, piled mine on top, set my slate in the corner, took her own, and, with a few rapid strokes, made a sketch of a genuine prize fight between the Carnes boy and myself.

The Carnes boy came out, with a closed eye, and a hen’s egg on his forehead—I walked off in the opposite direction, swinging my books by the strap and saying wrathfully, “His girl, indeed !”

Just here we heard the Carnes boy come around the corner, whistling,—

“No one to love,—”

And we stepped close, back in the doorway. The bronze statue stood rigid. My small fists were clenched and my small foot outset for the first spring. On he came, was opposite, and I flew like a ball from its muzzle, straight at the mark !

The small fists descended in a shower of blows, and the Carnes boy howled at first, but finally broke into a genuine cry ; at which, the bronze statue came to life and danced !

"You Carnes boy," said I, between the blows, "will you ever write another love-letter?"

"N-o-o-o!" blubbered he.

'And never in all your life, ask any one to be your girl?'

"Ne-ver!" whined he.

"Then I want you to know, that I hate! hate!! hate you!!! And you must *never dare* to look at me, or I shall have all the boys of my acquaintance to whip you for me! Now then go!"

And the aristocratic Carnes boy shot around the corner.

With whatever of satisfaction, I may have walked home, after so thoroughly and summarily punishing my audacious lover, it is but stating the truth, when I mention that I did not contemplate with complacency the next day's contest with my teacher—Miss Prim. However, being well braced up by the enthusiastic praise and admiration of the boys: duly convinced by them, that I had "served the Carnes boy right," and that my "pluck" had increased their esteem; also, being admonished by them, "not to yield an inch to Miss Prim," I stepped bravely into the schoolroom, walked silently to my seat and began my lessons.

A rap on the desk, followed by profound silence, and Miss Prim began,—

"Theodora De Graff!"

"Present," I answered innocently.

"Theodora De Graff," with splenetic vim—"step here!"

"Yes ma'am."

I walked up the room, conscious that twenty-four pairs of eyes were upon me, and with the determination to do myself credit at least.

"Young lady," with a sneer, "how came you to disgrace yourself and my school by such an act as that of last evening?"

"Miss Prim, I don't think anyone is disgraced but the aristocratic Carnes boy, and if he hadn't been a coward he wouldn't have been disgraced either."

Here one or two of the boys on the lookout for an opportunity, nodded approval. But Miss Prim, inflated with wrath, cracked the desk with her ruler and said,—

"I tell you, you *have* disgraced yourself and my school."

"And I tell you I *have* not. Let a boy be manly and I'll never raise my fist against him: let him be a coward and insult *me*, the smallest girl in this school, and *I'll grind him to powder and give him to the wind!*"

Miss Prim caught her breath, while several of the boys made the motion of applause.

"Theodora De Graff," she screamed, "you should have been a boy yourself, and then you could have

fought without scandalizing every young lady in my school."

"Miss Prim, I think myself, that God *meant* me to be a boy, but you see," musingly, "He made a mistake, and put my boy's soul into a girl's body ; and He's been sorry ever since—and so have I !"

My lips quivered a little here, for it was an awful thing to contemplate God's mistake—but immediately I drew up, rigid and cold, when Miss Prim shrieked,—

"You infamous little infidel, how dare you talk in that way ; you shall be punished for this disrespect to myself and this disgrace to my school."

"Punish *me* ?" I asked, with a voice like ice.

"Yes *you*, Theodora De Graff !"

"What will papa say ? I'm not afraid, but if you strike me once, you will be sorry, and you know it."

She did know it, for without the support of papa's influence, she would have been lost. But to maintain the attitude she had chosen, before her pupils, she was obliged to say,—

"I will give you, and your accomplice Ann Fawkes, the choice between two modes of punishment ; either to be feruled or to take a note home to your parents."

"I shall take the note."

"Ann Fawkes, step here ; will you be feruled or take a note ?"

The bronze image nodded, as if she meant to take both, without once opening her mouth.

“Which ?” asked Miss Prim.

“Take the note Ann,” I said, determined she should not be punished for me.

Ann bent the bronze head, and nodded gleefully while Miss Prim who had counted upon cooling her wrath upon my innocent image, grew white with suppressed spleen,—

“Go to your seats !” she commanded.

As we walked up the aisle, Charlie Bolton slipped a beautiful bell-fleur into my apron pocket ; Dan De Witt held up his slate with the word “Bravo” written in capitals, and John Pope stuck a note in my hand, which read——”

“Theodora, you’re a trump !”

With Miss Prim, I was in disgrace, without a doubt. Ann and myself were forbidden to come to our classes, or sit near the girls ; at recess, the latter, remembering that Miss Prim had called me an infidel, withdrew themselves to a clump of old quince trees, and talked me over, while Ann and myself, had undisputed possession of the swing and ten boys clamoring to push.

And just here let me say, that this abominable self-righteousness, is the ruin of all womankind.

Does a sister make a misstep, or fall into disgrace, we gather up our skirts and turn our heads the other way, ignoring the poor one whom mayhap, just a gentle word or two or a tender clasping of the hand, would set upon her feet, again, open the way, and

show her the light. Women, as a class, judge men—who are more able to outlive disgrace or contumely—with charity, where they give their own sex but harshness.

Mend your ways, oh women of the universe, or God may teach you his golden rule, with heavy lessons of experience.

At the close of the session, all were dismissed but Ann and myself—whereupon Miss Prim took a full half hour to construct our two notes; finally having finished, we were ordered to advance and receive them. After having commanded us to take them, straight to our parents, we withdrew; but I soon found, that I was not to get off so easily.

For no sooner had I given the note to papa and mamma—Doc and Frantztony each speaking a good word for me—and my heart had begun to rise, at seeing papa angrily tear it up, than the bell rang, and Miss Prim was announced.

I think that decided papa, he tossed the scraps of paper into the fire and turning to us, bade us leave them, for the present.

A half hour afterward, the matter was evidently adjusted to Miss Prim's satisfaction, and I was called in to beg her pardon.

"Beg Miss Prim's pardon, papa De Graff?"

"Yes, Theodora, tell Miss Prim you are sorry for what you have done and said."

"Papa, I won't tell a lie; I ain't sorry I beat the Carnes Boy, because he is a disgrace to his sex, and I haven't said one word that I am ashamed of."

"Never mind, Mr. De Graff," said Miss Prim, sweetly, "I will forgive Theodora, if she will come and kiss me."

"No, ma'am, I *will not* kiss you; you have nothing to forgive. You called me an 'infamous infidel,' and set the girls against me. *You* ought to beg my pardon."

"Theodora," said papa.

"Papa, papa!" I cried, as I flung my arms about his neck, and sobbed, "I can't love Miss Prim, and I couldn't help being born a girl, with a boy's soul."

Papa hugged me close, and Miss Prim arose rigidly, saying:

"I had better retire."

Mamma saw her to the door, while papa stroked my hair, and murmured, "Poor little girl; the road before you is rough and hard," which I didn't at all understand. But the next day we were removed from Miss Prim's select school.

CHAPTER XX.

EVERY set of boys have periodical fevers of one sort or another. My set started out in February with the "marble" fever; this raged until March, when the "kite" fever set in; then followed, in quick succession, the several "ball" fevers, and so on, through the whole catalogue.

My set always caught the "shell" fever in the spring; this I took, by contagion. The boys perceiving the state of affairs, put their heads together in consultation, which ended in taking me into partnership. I was soon supplied with a full set of files—round, half-round and triangular, which Prince John and Doc instructed me to use. After high water, the river beach lay strewn with mussel shells of exquisite delicacy and coloring, and many an excursion we made to obtain supplies against rainy days, during which Marmaduke, Albert, Prince John and Doc dressed the shells to a convenient size for handling, and set me to work drilling holes through bits of purple, and pink, and pearl.

At this operation, I soon became such a skilful workman that by degrees the quartette shifted its en-

tire hole-drilling upon their willing apprentice-partner, taking to themselves, as more advanced artists, the delicate work of finishing and polishing. *This* they argued, I could not do, being a girl. There being, therefore, four polishers to one hole-driller, it is evident to all that the demand was in excess of the supply, notwithstanding my increased efforts to cope with the exorbitant expectations of the senior partners of the firm.

In the course of time, there was a good-sized hole drilled in the palm of my left hand, and it became so painful that I, one day, showed it to papa.

He looked at it attentively, and then astonished me by saying,—

“I suspect, little girl, the boys are making a ‘cat’s paw’ of you.”

“A ‘cat’s paw!’ What is that, papa?”

“Once upon a time, a monkey and a cat sat before a great open fireplace; the fire had burned down until there was only a splendid bed of coals, into which the monkey was thrusting chestnuts to roast. The cat, not caring for chestnuts, was only a spectator.

“Presently the kernels began to steam and swell, and finally, with a hiss, the shells popped open. Then Mr. Monkey looked about for something to draw his roasted chestnuts from the fire, and, seeing the cat, pounced upon her, and with *her* claws began to rake them out. It ended in a great uproar. And now you

see, my dear, the boys have been using you to do the work they are not willing to do for themselves."

"Do they give *you* any of the chestnuts?"

"Rings, and crosses, anchors, and hearts, you mean papa?"

"Yes."

"No sir, not yet, but I guess they will, the boys aren't stingy."

"But they are selfish," said papa. "I will tell you what to do; for the present you are disabled, call a meeting of the boys and demand a hearing. State the facts: tell them you have held a consultation with your counsel, who advises an immediate withdrawal from the firm, if there is not an equal division of the labor, and see what will come of it."

I hugged papa in an ecstasy of delight, and danced out.

That afternoon, at my call, the boys came to our meeting place under the apple tree. I immediately stood up in the swing and began, —

"Gentlemen: Ever since the first of April, I have been hole-driller for the crowd,—“here Albert winked at Prince John, who looked surprised and annoyed—I proceeded, “It is now the last of June”—pointing to the ground strewn with green apples—“and not as yet, seeing any particular good that has come to *me*, I desire that some one will define my relations, to this firm.”

Profound silence reigned.

“Gentlemen : allow me to show you the results of hole-drilling, “here I stepped down, walked around the circle and exhibited my sore palm. I will do them the credit to say that every boy’s countenance expressed surprise. Returning to my stand on the swing board, and balancing myself dexterously, I surveyed my audience, to which Traunty and Frantztony had added themselves, and began anew.

“Having consulted my learned council—”

“Hear, hear !” shouted Doc “where did the girl get her words ?”

In truth, I astonished myself, and perceiving that the elegance of my rhetoric—which I had studied with papa—was having its effect, I determined to soar higher still, and carry them by storm.

“Having consulted my learned counsel—”

“Who is your learned counsel ?” asked Marmaduke.

“The three witches, whom I met in the dark of the moon, under the old willow tree, on the river bank,” I retorted, and had the satisfaction of seeing that my words told on the entire crowd, especially Frantztony and Traunty Nautz, whose eyes grew big as moons.

“Having consulted my learned counsel, I am advised to demand immediate satisfaction for past work, and an equal share of future gains, or to withdraw from the firm at once. Gentlemen and partners, I

will now retire and give you five minutes for consultation."

Hereupon, I stepped down, picked up a green apple or two, polished them on the corner of my apron, and walked away, while the boys gathered in a knot, Frantztony and Traunty pressing close.

Inside of the allotted time, Traunty ran to the willow tree, where I sat munching green apples, and said,—

"The gen'l'men ready now ; I—I—"

I took her hand and proceeded to the apple tree with great dignity.

Prince John took the stand.

"Miss Theodora," he began, and the boys struggled to retain their gravity.

"Miss Theodora, I have been chosen speaker for the firm, and am instructed to say, that after due deliberation and debate upon the question in hand, said firm, plainly perceiving the damage done your hand by hole-drilling, and also conscious that the masculine portion of the firm is in excess of the feminine, said males are ready to acknowledge the justice of your claims, and do now request a statement of what you may consider due you for past labor."

Prince John sat down, amid a burst of applause, during which Frantztony shied an apple at Albert's left ear, and Traunty, creeping up behind the late speaker, put her arms around his neck and kissed him

on the cheek. Prince John drew the child to his knee, and I took the stand.

"Gentlemen and Partners,—Fully appreciating the honor of this firm, when it once has its duty pointed out [at which they winced a little] I will proceed to make what I consider a demand adequate to the amount of labor done." "Hear, hear," cried the audience.

"From Albert I require an anchor, finished in his best style ; the material, rose-colored mussel shell. Marmaduke, who is skilled in carving hearts [here Albert nudged Doc] will perceive it his duty immediately to finish for me the purple one he now has on hand. Prince John, most able speaker, of *you* I require a cross in milk white mussel, polished according to your well-known skill. Doc will give me a ring in pearl color from his collection, which he considers next best to the one he gave Sue Vanderbilt last week. These demands acceded to, and I still remain in the firm ; refused, and I offer my skill and services to the highest bidder, and set up as a competitor !"

"Jerusalem !" said Doc, "she goes it strong."

"Honored sirs, allow me to retire."

The firm went into consultation of the whole, and inside two minutes resumed its seat, and Prince John arose.

"Miss Theodora, I am instructed by my honorable committee to say that we do, as a firm, surrender

unconditionally to you as plaintiff ; and, do furthermore acknowledge the injustice heretofore done you, requesting to retain you as a partner in the firm, with an equal share of the profits and *not* the lion's share of the labor, as heretofore demanded. Will you be kind enough to signify your acceptance ?”

Being overcome, utterly, by this speech of Prince John's, I arose and bowed, and the firm shook hands all round, during which exercise Frantztony assisted Traunty Nautz into the great brick oven, out of which old Speck had just issued, with a cackling announcement of fresh eggs for breakfast.

In after years, Prince John was admitted to the Bar ; but although I had not the pleasure and good fortune to hear his “maiden speech,” I am most profoundly convinced that it could not have impressed me more favorably with his latent ability than did those speeches made under the great apple tree, with three boys and three girls for audience.

Dear Prince John ; long before he reached the height to which his ambition urged, the profession lost what might have been a leading star. His career was ended by an awful catastrophe, and the beautiful head, with its crown of nut-brown curls, lay upon the satin pillow, with one of the old, beauteous smiles transfiguring the soulful face, and Prince John had withdrawn from the firm,

CHAPTER XXI.

I now beg my reader to take with me a flying leap over an interval of several years ; in order that I may draw my history to its gradual and natural close ; during which years, no important charge had occurred in the Nautz Family.

The New Baby had grown and progressed so rapidly that she had already learned to spell rabbit—" giving *two* additional "b s" for every rabbit added, (according to the instructions of Doc), thus—"rabb-bbits."

Traunty Nautz was attending a private school, taught by a surly little Englishman and his wife ; and before papa and mamma were aware of the small tortures to which they subjected their pupils, the child had fallen into a chronic state of fear of disobeying some one of his legion rules and orders, and had become so nervous from endeavoring to look at the sun with naked eyes at noon-day, and trying to keep her toes upon the line which he chalked upon the floor, that when one day she dropped her Bible and received a smart stroke across her poor little hands, she never

stopped for Bible or bonnet, but darted out of the door and ran away home like a flash.

Then when the heads of the family began to question the child, they found this mite had been studying "hygiene," and "philosophy," under that inquisitor's instruction ; without the remotest idea of what it was all about ; save that she was told, that if she would go down the cistern on a cloudless day, and look up, she could see the stars.

Dreading the hour when he should demand how many had tried the experiment, Traunty watched her chance, lifted the cistern lid, pushed Doc's ladder down, and descended. Mamma coming to the door, saw the lid and shrieked, whereupon, Traunty called up, that she was "lookin' for stars."

The result, after investigation, was, that the third Miss Nautz was removed from private school.

Frantztony had grown faultless. Doc, had developed into a handsome, manly fellow, in whom I held much stock, and took much pride.

First in his class to bear off the honors and medals, when the time for graduation came, as a mark of peculiar distinction, he was chosen to write and deliver the Latin valedictory to his class mates.

Never did my heart swell with such an overwhelming burst of pride, as on the night when we sat in that crowded hall, and heard the beautiful, liquid words roll from Doc's lips.

Sue Vanderbilt sat beside me, with the veritable shell ring on her finger which Doc had fashioned years before. I watched her keenly, that night. Presently, I leaned over and asked,—

“Sue, don’t you wish he was *your* brother?”

And Sue’s face grew pink as the buds at her throat, when she answered,—

“You ought to be proud of him, Theodora!”

“Ha, ha! young woman, you waive the question,” I said to myself, and then I determined that Doc might count on me, to do him service with his “Queen-lily and rosebud in one.” How I did, will follow hereafter. The old relations between Doc and myself, had strengthened with the passing years.

The coolness with which I invaded his boy’s sanctuary and walked off with his specimens, books, and cherished possessions, spoke volumes as to my place within his boy’s heart. Once, I remember seeing there a dainty rubber comb of peculiar make, and without any fixed idea of what I should ever do with it, I took possession at once. As a matter of course, finding it gone, he came to me, at once, as I expected.

“Nautz-Nautz!”

“Well, old boy!”

“Have you seen my comb?”

“Yes;”

“Where did you see it?”

“In your room.”

"It isn't there now."

"What is the use of telling me what I know already?"

"Well, then, Dick, where is it?"

"I have it."

"You haven't a moustache to comb."

"No more have *you*, except thirteen hairs; but I mean to marry a *man* some day, and he is to have red hair; yes, sir, *red hair*, and blue eyes, and a moustache, and he'll need that comb."

"Keep the old thing."

And to this day I have it.

Papa, reasoning no doubt from his own good boyhood, had the impression that all boys were born with a predilection for becoming *tanners*; and, after educating Doc until he could have coped successfully with any of the learned professors, began to shape him into such a tanner as would fill and satisfy his own heart. Papa's one idea was "patents," and I think he expected, after perfecting his ideal tanner in Doc, to get a patent upon him; but in this he was disappointed, for Doc persistently failed to do anything, except to become sick at his stomach, and have vertigo whenever set to work upon hides. Now, my sympathy was divided in this case. I felt sorry for papa, seeing he had over-estimated the advantages of education in the ideal tanner, since Doc's failure proved, to

a certainty, that the raw and non-refined material would have served his purpose better.

Doc, I could not blame, having even now an inclination to sea-sickness myself whenever I come within a mile's radius of a tanyard ; therefore, when about this time the " gold fever " broke out, and the most wonderful and extravagant stories came daily to our ears from the Pike's Peak diggings, I was as much imbued with the idea as Doc, when he declared his intention—if papa was willing—of seeking his fortune among the diggers. Papa refused to listen at first ; but Doc kept bringing in fresh evidence daily, until papa's and mamma's combined forces and arguments were weakened and almost destroyed, and a reluctant acquiescence was made to his plans.

Aunt Peggy immediately unearthed the old hair-trunk which mamma had taken on her wedding trip, had it furbished up, and we all set to work to fill it with the most useless and ridiculous articles.

Every time Frantztony and myself would finish a pincushion or a housewife, some one would bring us a new pattern, and we would make another. I think if Doc hadn't finally shut that trunk and carried the key, he could have supplied Pike's Peak and all other diggings with housewives and pincushions.

Then the day came for him to start, and we all cried as if we were burying him, and mamma hung on his neck and sobbed :

“Now, Doc, don’t let your shirts go without buttons.”

“And, Master Doc, remember the black patent thread is in the left-hand corner of the right-hand box,” added Aunt Peggy.

“And, Doc, don’t forget to read the tract I gave you,” said Frantztony.

“Nor to smell my flowers,” put in Traunty.

“Nor to bring *me* a nugget,” I said.

“And abstain from liquor and evil companions,” finished papa, and Doc was gone.

One night, about three weeks from the time of Doctor’s departure for the gold regions, the daughter of our next neighbor and myself sat in our cosy sitting-room alone.

Neal was busy at some new-fangled tatting, which I had been endeavoring to teach her to make, but giving up finally, I went to scanning my next day’s *Æneid* in deep sonorous tones, imitating the professor. I had just reached,—

Et nunc | Pristis | bit ; nunc | victam | præterit | ingens |

Centau | rus ; nunc | unâ am | bae junc | tisque fe | runter |

Fronti | bus, et | longâ sul | cant vada | salsa ca | rinâ |

when there was a ring at the bell which made us leap from our chairs, while the echoes went reverberating through the house, we looked at the clock,—after nine—no one called at *that* hour,

Mamma and Frances had gone to prayer-meeting and taken the front door key, in case I should feel like retiring.

"What shall we do?" we asked each other.

"I'll tell you," said Neal, "I'll go out the side passage and see who it is."

In a moment a shriek rent the air, and Neal burst into the room screaming,—

"It's a ghost, I saw it!"

"Bah! come on, we'll go together, ghosts don't often ring door bells."

Then we both went around the house, peered into the darkness, and sure enough, there stood something, dead white and motionless, on the front step.

I called to it, but it made no answer, then as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we saw the shape of a man, and fled precipitately; whereupon he followed: on we rushed, pell mell, and burst all together into the sitting-room, when whom should the friendly light discover but Doc!

"Why, it's the Probable Son," I cried to Neal, who stood shivering with her hands over her eyes.

Thereupon, I pulled off my best ring with three rubies in it, which he always coveted, squeezed it on his little finger and fell upon his neck and wept, in true Bible style.

Neal uncovered her eyes and looked.

"Where's the ghost?" she asked,

By this time I was aware that I had been snowing myself unusually "soft;" therefore I straightened up and pointed to the corner back of the door, where stood Doc's cherished Enfield rifle encased in white canvas.

Then Doc laughed, and called us 'muffs,' and I danced round him, and examined his pockets, expecting to find them chuckful of nuggets—but when I didn't, I asked if he had left them with papa's banker.

At this Doc winced, and said he had been "Awful sick with fever, didn't think he was going to live, let alone get home."

Then I coddled and cuddled him, but coming around again to the money question, Doc owned, with a grimace, that he "Hadn't a red."

This burst the bubble of my expectations, and after listening to an account of his travels and proceedings, from the time of his leaving home, in company with Mamma's hair wedding trunk; up to his present appearance, pale, haggard, travel-worn, and penniless, I broke out with,—

"Well, on the whole, I'm glad I didn't go!"

"Go *where*?"

"To Pike's Peak."

Doc showed the whites of his eyes and whispered,—

"Dick, you didn't mean to come out *there*?"

"Of course I *did*. I meant to run away, if they

wouldn't let me go peaceably, and come out to you; and bring you another housewife and a pincushion, and, and—*lots* of things, and be your housekeeper."

"Whew! girls *are* muffs."

"Yes; of course I mean, just as soon as you wrote to me, confidentially, that you had your house built and furnished,—and a first-class cook engaged."

"Julius Cæsar!" said Doc.

"And I meant to bring "The Light of Serail," and your favorite "Horse Head," and the "Boa Constrictor," which says at the bottom, "*this* is a snake,"—to hang in the spare bedroom."

"What an *egregious* muff," sneered Doc. I proceeded.

What did I care, for home without a brother, or for Darwin, or Huxley, or any of those fellows, when the "apple of my eye" was eating *his* dinner alone in a far country."

"I say Dick—"

I paid no heed,—“What did I care for the Darwinian Theory, or for Paradise Lost, or the Inferno, or any of *those* things, when Christopher Columbus, had discovered a new continent, on which I was born, and which my only brother was industriously turning up with his pickaxe and spade, to sort out the gold from the earth!”

"Let *me* say something, Dick, dear."

"Yes, directly; but just let me know whatever put

it into your head, to think that I meant to stay at home and live on Greek verbs and Latin roots, while *you* lived like a prince, on ham, and jerked beef, and corn dodger ? ”

A faint flush stole over Doc's face, and he said,—

“ Dick, it wouldn't have been the place for you, out there.”

“ I'd like to know why ; ain't we of the same blood ? ”

“ Oh yes, but the men swear and gamble and fight.”

“ I like those things *if* they're *manly*.”

“ And you couldn't have new bonnets, or kid gloves, or—things ! ”

“ Yes I could ; I had them all ready. Didn't I get a bran-new skirt made with ten yards of muslin in it, tucked to the waist, to wear under my white tarlatan, evenings, and lace bows on my shoes, and new rats for my hair, and everything ; and here you have gone and cheated me at last.”

“ Now, Sis,” said Doc coaxingly, “ I'll tell you something, if *you* won't tell anybody.”

“ All right.”

“ There isn't twenty-five cents, worth of gold in al Pike's Peak ! ”

I asked him to show it to me.

“ Show you what ? ”

“ The twenty-five cents worth of gold.”

Doc's face grew beety, and he said with a sort of reluctant alacrity,—

"Sis, I'll take it all back."

"What the gold? You didn't give it to me yet!"

"No, I mean what I said about you, *you aren't a muff!*"

"No more I thought I was. But see here, Doc."

"Well."

"Whittle *from* you, and you'll never get cut."

And I sauntered away, whistling "Catch a weasel asleep."

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER the failure of the Pike's Peak expedition, I think Doc first became aware of what a disappointment it must have been to dear papa, when his prospective "Ideal Tanner" refused to be patented; and, evidently for the purpose of making such amends as were possible, he at once began to take a course in double and single entry at the Mercantile College, in order to take charge of papa's books, and by the beauty of his balance sheet, ameliorate, as much as possible, his abortive attempt at becoming the Ideal Tanner.

In due time, he again bore off college honors with his diploma, and forthwith set to work at the desk.

Although Doc worked assiduously, to my keen eyes, he was altered, in some indefinable, intangible way, and it did not take long to persuade myself that it was my bounden duty to discover the primal cause of this alteration.

I had a hazy idea that, in some way, Sue Vanderbilt was connected with the change; but not being in the least certain, determined to investigate matters.

Now, some months before, when Doc had begun to

think of Pike's Peak, it entered my head to probe Sue a little, just to see whether I had read the face of this Queen-Lily aright, on Commencement night. One day, I sauntered to school, leisurely translating my Horace on the way. As I passed Sue's yard, the snipping of scissors roused me from my Bacchanalian dream, and looking up, there, on the other side of the fence, stood Sue, shears in hand, clipping the dead roses from a bush.

Sue and I reflected nods and glances. Mine must have been keen, or else the roses reflected upward, for her cheeks were pink in a moment.

I laid my Horace deliberately on the gate post, placed my hands on two of the pickets, settled my chin upon them, and said,—

“Sue Vanderbilt, be thankful that you have no brother!”

“Theodora!” she exclaimed, growing pink again.

“Susanna Vanderbilt, take my word for it, they are a great botheration and vexation of spirit, and it takes a woman of great strength of character to live through the tribulations they hatch up for affectionate sisters.”

“What has yours been doing?” she asked with hesitation.

“He hasn't done anything yet.”

“May I ask what he contemplates doing then?”

“Well, yes, I suppose it is immaterial to you,”—

at this I was almost certain Sue winced—"but being a friend, I'll tell you; he is going to Pike's Peak!"

For a certainty I was right.

My Queen Lily grew crimson, then white, and went to snipping of buds and roses indiscriminately.

Without further reference to the subject, I said, nodding toward a flower bed,—

"Sue, please cut me that spray of heliotrope and there's a single purple pansy, that too, if you will."

And Sue's scissors clipped the flowers and started on towards the rose tree, but I exclaimed,—

"No more, that is all I want, they are Doc's favorite flowers—I will give them to him from you?"

Sue's lip quivered a little, but she did not speak.

"They may be the last you will ever send him,"—I said gravely, and then she answered,—

"Yes, please with my compliments and good wishes."

Then I took up my Horace, and went on to where the Professor sat on the doorsteps, with the heads of my four girl chums peeping over his shoulders, whilst he held a dog's-eared Homer and read with silvery voice the beauteous story.

"Here comes my laggard Greek," he said, as I swung the great iron gate to, with a clang; and then, I sat down at his feet, and the liquid words rolled on, and presently Sue and Pike's Peak and the Bacchanalian dream, were things forgotten, and I was borne

along by the passionate tide of the tale, until I beheld the walls of Troy upon which most beauteous Helen stood and looked down upon the combat between Menelaus and her lover, Paris. And when he, worsted, was on the point of being dragged into the Grecian lines, Venus descended in a cloud, and snatching him away bore him to his own apartment, then calling Helen from the walls, she gave the lovers to each other.

So far the story ran, we, the Professor's "five Greeks," leaning close to catch the beauteous intonation from our beloved teacher's lips; and then, the great bell clanged, and when we all arose, the Professor leaned over to inhale the fragrance from my heliotrope and pansy and I whispered,—“Professor John, I wish I could give you these; but Sue Vanderbilt sent them to Doc; you know he leaves in a week or two?”

Then the Professor's smile gave me to know that he understood, while he whispered back,—

“Sue chose well if she picked them with any regard for their language.”

“I helped her at that—a little,” I replied.

And the Professor shook his finger at me, then laid it upon his lips, which action I interpreted to mean that if I wished to assist Doc and Sue Vanderbilt in their love making, I must be “wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove.”

When I gave that tiny bouquet to Doc, at noon, I found there was no need whatever of any hint as to "language," nor yet any explanation necessary outside of the information that it came from the Queen Lily; since he immediately carried it to his room, and embalmed it between the leaves of Tennyson's Maud, and sent her in return a spray of forget-me-not.

After Doc's return from the gold digging every thing, began to change; he left off all the old time, boyish ways; cultivated his mustache, became so punctilious in his dress, that he winced in a manly way, if I rumpled his collar when I kissed him; and even went so far as to request that the time honored name of "Doctor" should be laid on the shelf, and his Christian name of St. Jerome substituted. At this, I bristled, drew myself up, and remarked,—

"Mr. De Graff, since you insist upon calling me Nautz-Nautz, you have probably forgotten that my Christian name is Theodora! More than that, I am a young woman measuring five feet with my boots on; will be eighteen next February, and graduate in June." Doc caught his breath, and exclaimed,—

"Jupiter Ammon!"

"I would just like to know what has come over this household," I went on. "Everybody is changed somehow, ever since Frantztony left school and made that last visit to Hillsboro, she is altered; she's just

an animated bundle of dignity, and when I made a most witty pun on that young nurseryman's name—who came down to see her last week—she actually got up and left the room, and mamma and Aunt Peggy both scolded me, and said,—“When my time came, I would understand these things;”—but I am of the opinion that my time will never come, or rather has come, and——gone.” This last I added, in a whisper, with my head on Doc's shoulder.

He held me close for a moment, this brother who had stood by me through every grief and happiness of my life; who had given me at all times the very best, out of his treasury of love and knowledge, and had suffered me to walk with familiar feet through the inmost sanctuary of his thoughts,—drew me close as though he knew the same invisible thread bound our two hearts; then holding me off at arms' length, said, while the great brown eyes grew wistful and tender,—

“Little sister, something is wrong, let me help you!”

I shook my head—“No one can help me, Docie.”

“Let me try.”

“Listen, Doc,” I said—“I'm not an Amazon?”

“Well—” answered he, surveying me critically, “Well—not ex—actly!”

“Hence, by the law of opposites, I *hate* little men.”

“Precisely.”

"But by all the powers, I say to you solemnly, that every bone and fibre of my body, tells me I shall marry a little man."

"Remarkable bones! I say, sis, could you by any possibility transfer their ownership to a fellow; to serve as a sort of philosopher's stone; a magnet, you know: I mean, of course, after you are through with them."

"Mr. De Graff, they are already bespoken for a better end!"

"By whom?"

"A scientific man."

"Then, like Macawber, I shall be compelled to wait for 'something else to turn up.'"

"Waiting will be good for you, you irreverent monkey."

"But the 'little man'; have the bones pointed out which one it shall be—Bullet Head, Carroty Head, or Woggle Head?"

"The fates forfend!"

There must have been something more than fun or protest, in my voice; for Doc held me off and looked at me anxiously, then drew me close and said,—*"Theodora, tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."*

"If you promise the same," I replied.

Here came a recess for labial salutations, during

which, I collected my forces and decided to make a clear statement.

"You know Hercules, Doc?"

"Not intimately," answered he, perplexed.

"Well, then, in other words, meaning the same, you remember Seaton Van Wycke?"

"The light begins to dawn," said Doc.

"Tell me the color of my eyes."

"Brown, if I am a judge."

"I thought so. Do you see anything in them?"

"Two imps!"

"The reflections of yourself. What color are Hercules'?"

"Hazel, by Jupiter; did you ever see anything in them!"

"Yes, two witches."

"When you were looking into them?"

"Well—yes."

"And what came of it?"

"The imps and the witches quarrelled."

"It is all clear now," said Doc.

"And I'll give you a piece of advice gratis, Doc."

"'Age cum vi expeditione procede.'—Never fall in love with a man whose eyes are the color of your own," I replied to this invitation, and Doc broke out with—"Ha, ha, I never intend to!" A little vexed at his treating this solemn advice of mine with such lightness, I determined to have my revenge, and

drawing myself up, produced from my pocket, a folded paper, slowly opened it and remarked,—

“ St. Jerome De Graff, I have here something which I desire to read to you, and earnestly desire your closest attention. It is a poem, entitled—“ St. John’s Eve !” Here Doc made a dash for the paper, but I had foreseen that, and was ready,—“ No, sir, you dare not take it, you have been the first to break our pledge ; You have been about this thing without my knowledge ; did you suppose that because your door was closed, I didn’t know what you were up to ? Never make the grate your waste basket for spoiled manuscripts, nor expect that the one long ray of light which falls through your key hole, over the hall and into my room, will not betray you to your sister. And now, for punishment, you shall hear your own poem and then explain it.”

Doc tried to beg off, but I was incorrigible, therefore he sank into a chair, put his hands over his face and listened whilst I read,—

ST. JOHN’S EVE.

Poets tell of a magical flower,
Love’s vermeil lips hath prest,
Which silently gathered, at midnight hour,
When the world is lapped in rest
’Neath the pillow laid
Will bring man or maid,
Dreams of the one loved best,

In the faded season of youth so fair,
 I gathered the little flower,
 When the arrowy moonbeams shot thro' the air,
 At St. John's Eve's chosen hour.
 No word I spoke as I culled the spray,—
 No sound I made as I turned away,—
 A dewdrop shone in each blossom's heart,
 More fair than the gems
 Of diadems
 Worn by princes and fashioned by art.

The spell was potent : scarce had sleep
 Quite o'ermastered my wakeful eyes
 Than I wake in a valley cool and deep,
 'Neath other and fairer skies.
 No earthly vale, the haunt of unrest,—
 'Twas a taintless Eden—strife nor sin
 Could that shade-bound valley enter in.
 Like the fabled "Islands of the Blest,"
 Its golden sun aye shone with tempered heat ;
 On leafy cliffs the balmy breezes beat
 In cool refreshing waves of fragrant air.—
 Love could have found no home more pure and fair.

But lovely vale and lucent skies
 Faded away from me quite
 When bent above me *her* violet eyes.
 Filled with a vague and sweet surprise
 Like stars on a moonless night.
 The smile that lit her sunny face
 Was born of innocence and grace,
 And though, as yet, no word she spake,
 My eyes her thoughts could well divine ;
 But when upon my hearing broke,
 In rippling music "I am thine,"
 I clasped the dear one to my heart,
 Saying, "We twain will never part."

'Twas but a dream ! My wandering feet have long,
 Full long and vainly, sought the happy shore
 Of that sweet valley. In the crush and throng
 Of battling life I've seen forevermore

A bright young face, the angel of my dreams!
And still I seek ; oh, will the search be vain ?
Lo ! as I wander by the babbling streams,
In dreamful mood, I seem to hear again
The tender voice that has so mastered me.
Dearest, God guard thee, wheresoe'er thou be.

As I finished, Doc looked up as though he thought release had come ; but I scattered this delusion by saying,—

“ St. Jerome De Graff, will you be kind enough to tell me what the *first lines* of this last stanza mean ?

“ Just what they say,” he answered, almost inaudibly.

“ Did I ever hear such nonsense ; what reason have you for believing it ? ”

“ Miss Vanderbilt has another admirer than myself.”

“ Have you given her cause to believe that you *are* her lover in earnest ? ”

“ I have thought so, since I *meant* to, most emphatically.”

“ Then, what reason have you for not believing your advances acceptable ? ”

“ She allows that other man to call upon her.”

“ *In-deed !* Now, St. Jerome, I gave you credit for more discernment than this. Society-men themselves lay down a certain code of laws, by which women are to govern themselves with regard *to* men ; let any one of us overstep, by a hair's breadth, these

shades of propriety, and we suffer at once in your esteem. Take my word for it, the idea of marrying that 'blonde' never entered Sue's golden head. 'Faint heart never won faire ladye,' and, St. Jerome, if you lose this 'Queen Lily,' it will be *your own fault*."

Here I slid out of the room, and left Doc to his meditations.

The events which draw my history to a close will prove that my words were not without their effect.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“MY BABY,” Traunty Nautz, who was never “more than half-born into the world, grew but slowly, physically ; but, as if to make up for the tardiness of her bodily growth, she developed mentally and spiritually in an inverse ratio.

In truth, I always believed she must have left Heaven with reluctance, when the angels swung her basket free, and even pictured her in my mind as catching and holding to their floating robes ! My heart went out with a pitying tenderness toward this fragile child, because she was so utterly ethereal and unearthly.

“Forever star-gazing,” as Doc declared, “with her feet upon the earth,” and consequently getting into mischief, or stumbling over something, or some one.

She did the most absurd and unlooked-for things, with an air of naive complaisance and timid assurance ; once, I remember, she was spending the night with dear, good Aunt Patty.

Now, Aunt Patty had an only daughter, the apple of her eye, and whom she endeavored to restrict and

curb beyond that high-strung young woman's desire or need.

Miss Elizabeth was in the parlor, accompanying the exquisite Adolphus Brown upon the piano, in snatches from the latest operas.

Aunt Patty was uneasy. Adolphus was well enough, but she had no desire to claim him as her son-in-law. She also held the firm belief that—

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

It was past nine o'clock. She looked about for means to give Mr. Brown a gentle reminder. There sat Traunty, in Uncle Jacob's great arm-chair, nodding over a picture book.

"Hortensia," said Aunt Patty, "go into the parlor and tell Elizabeth to play for you."

Traunty slid out of her chair, opened the door gently, and caught Adolphus in the middle of a tender speech. Miss Elizabeth told her to run out, but Traunty, having a distinct idea that she had been sent for a purpose, shook her head and asked for a song. So they sang a duet, after which the door was opened, and Traunty politely invited to retire.

Then, Aunt Patty looked annoyed, and laid a fresh plan ; and Traunty returned to the parlor bearing a china basket running over with "Bartletts." The pears were accepted, time given to Traunty to eat hers, and again she was invited out.

Aunt Patty was alarmed.

"Hortensia," she said, "go in again and ask Elizabeth if they don't need more coal, it is growing chilly, and if she sends you out, tell her *I said you were to stay in?*"

Traunty executed this commission with her usual solemnity, and being answered in the negative, took a seat in the corner of the sofa; Elizabeth endeavored to persuade her that she ought to be in bed, but Traunty shook her head and nodded on; finally she went fast asleep and dropped off the sofa, whereupon Mr. Brown took the hint and arose, when Traunty sprang to her feet, rushed into the sitting room and cried before she had closed the door,—“He's going, Aunt Patty!”

And Mr. Brown refused to be appeased, and never became Aunt Patty's son-in-law.

The New Baby, or Margery Nautz, had the growth of the family; she shot up like mushroom over night, and poor mamma and Aunt Peggy were forever letting down her skirts or taking out the hems of her dresses; and the taller she got, the more slender she grew, the more attention and admiration she attracted, until Traunty and I seriously contemplated doing something to stop her growth, as the beggars in London do. But after looking up receipts, we found a serious obstacle in the road—*we should have begun the process in infancy.* We were, therefore, compelled to

abandon the project, and decided to let her grow, and see how tall she would get : if the public has any curiosity, on this head, we will see to it that photographs are at once struck off by the million, for its satisfaction. Suffice it to say,—“The coming man,”—who has made his appearance—declares she is not a hair’s breadth to tall,” therefore if *he* is content, we may as well let it pass.

Frantztony never deteriorated.

The young nurseryman, made stated trips, whenever the moon was full. I have no philosophy that will serve to explain the reason of this, unless it be that insane persons are always worse during that period ; yet, be it known, I do not wish it understood, that I accept this as an explanation for his choosing this particular time. It may have been, that he looked best by moonlight, or that Frantztony did, for all I know ; I am only vividly conscious of this one fact, viz., that her love making, from the first, ran inversely to mine. In proportion as Hercules and I got further apart, she and the *young nurseryman* came together and set their thoughts and desires drifting down the same stream.

Dear old Aunt Peggy, when I used to tell her with such complacent zest of the *Ideal Man* I meant to love and marry—if I ever married at all—would look sadly over her spectacles, shake her head and say,—

"Miss The'dora, you must break an egg before you can be *sure* that it is good."

And I used to snap my fingers defiantly, and laugh in derision at the bare suggestion of the second Miss Nautz being disappointed in the *Ideal Man*!

But I have lived long enough to know that the *Ideal Man*, was a creation of my own brain, and to be a little less certain whether the "brown imps," and the "hazel witches" could have attracted *without* affinity, therefore, more patiently and humbly, than in those near-away days, I bide my time.

As for Doc, I left him ruminating over his own poem, and the suggestions my remarks might have raised.

He was then at the hopeless period, with the mercury at zero.

The next Sabbath as we came out of church, a slight shower coming up, we were forced to remain in the vestibule. I could see Sue's blue plume nodding against her golden locks, between the heads of the crowd, and saw also that Doc had edged himself in to where she stood. Presently the rain was over. Sue gathered up her dainty azure robe and drifted down the steps; when we reached her gate, as Doc opened it, I noticed that by some sleight of hand, his buttonhole bouquet was fastened on her ivory pin, whilst *he* wore a spray of heliotrope.

We shut her in, and walked on in silence, for a moment ; then I asked Doc if he was a prestidigitateur, —but he only smiled and shook his head, while he caressed the heliotrope ; and concluding from present indications, that he had reached the second or *Melancholic* period, with the barometer rising, I deemed it discreet to say nothing farther.

A few nights afterward—I learned later—he called upon the Queen-Lily, found the blonde before him, and took a hasty resolve “to sit him out.”

The same idea, seemed to have entered the blond’s head in the same moment of time ; for the hours passed, and he remained ; but wily Sue veered about, turned her sunny side toward Doc, and the chilly one toward the blonde, and finally Doc had the floor, and the blonde was gone, and only waiting to whisper two or three tender sentences for her to dream upon, he came home,—having reached the hopeful period, with the barometer indicating fair weather.

After that, Doc learned the language of all the flowers on the globe, and such a battery of sweet things as he flung at Sue, must have won a more reluctant woman than the Queen-Lily. Suffice it to say, that it was not long before Doc burst into my room, one night, where I sat with my elbows on the stand and my head in my hands, poring over my morrow’s lesson, in the third book of the Iliad.

He closed the book, with a bang, snatched me off

my chair, and waltzed me about the room until we were both out of breath.

When we finally stopped, and I could fairly scan his face, I cried at once,—

“Ha! ha! St. Jerome De Graff, make your obeisance; you are at the last and ecstatic period; didn’t I prophecy all this, and now aren’t you glad you took my advice?”

“And she is a wingless angel, and the barometer foretells cloudless days, and endless floods of sunshine!”

And Doc kissed me, and sat me down, and rushed across the hall to his own room; and the one ray of light fell through the keyhole, until the morning showed gray.

And I sat alone with Homer.

CONCLUSION!

Long since Frantztony was made happy by the young nurseryman ; and has now a nursery of choice slips, which bid fair, with proper pruning and training, to perpetuate the Nautz Family.

Whatever failures the lives of the remaining members of the family may have been, I am thoroughly convinced that Frantztony has discovered her peculiar "bent ;" for no other vocation in life could have offered such an extensive field for song, as the one she has chosen, and which she fills to such perfection.

Does there ever come a time, when I shall be as satisfied with myself as I am with her, I shall be happy.

Six years ago, Doc and my Queen-Lily clasped hands, and pledged faith to one another ; to-day, the violet and hazel eyes, look into each other with answering love, and I am glad that I had a hand in this one "good work."

Once, Aunt Peggy's daughter, called to her, from out of the Land of Nowhere—and with strange forebodings she left us all ; the brown eyes blind with

tears. She put her chubby hands upon my shoulders, looked me in the face and said in trembling tones,—

“Miss The'dora, I'm coming back to cook your wedding breakfast.”

And when I shook my head she thrust a great lump of the “Bread of Life” into my hand, and trotted down the garden walk, sobbing.

A little while, and word came from the mythical daughter, saying that dear, old Aunt Peggy—“slept with her fathers.” And, by and by, *papa* was “away”—and grandmamma did not tarry long. Mamma, Uncle Ulric, and Aunt Dora are “waiting,” and presently the COMING MAN, who has gone away to “strike oil,” will return for THE NEW BABY, and having carried her out into the great world, they will set up their establishment, hang up their motto and proceed to “Eat, Drink and Be Merry;”—and after that will be left only Traunty and Nautz Nautz, each having her own life-story, for the beautiful voice is stilled, and Hercules sojourns in a far country.

But, if there ever comes a time, when my theory proves false, and the brown imps and the hazel witches can meet without clashing, the public shall be notified of the same. Now we two, Traunty and Nautz Nautz, stand hand in hand upon the stage, make our acknowledgments, sweep our courtesies and retire, unless the audience calls us again before the curtain,—Adieu!

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS'



SAPOLIO

CLEANS

WINDOWS,
MARBLE,
KNIVES

POLISHES
TIN-WARE,
IRON, STEEL, &c.

"SOHMER"

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

The demands now made by an educated musical public are so exacting, that very few piano-forte manufacturers can produce instruments that will stand the test which merit requires.

SOHMER & Co., as manufacturers, rank among this chosen few, who are acknowledged to be makers of *standard instruments*. In these days when many manufacturers urge the low price of their wares, rather than their superior quality, as an inducement to purchase, it may not be amiss to suggest that, in a piano, quality and price are too inseparably joined, to expect the one without the other.

Every piano ought to be judged as to the quality of its *tone*, its *touch*, and its *workmanship*; if any one of these is wanting in excellence, however good the others may be, the instrument will be imperfect. It is the combination of all these qualities in the highest degree that constitutes the perfect piano, and it is such a combination, as has given the SOHMER its honorable position with the trade and public.

SOHMER

Prices as reasonable as consistent
with the Highest Standard.

MANUFACTURERS,
149 to 155 East 14th St., N.Y.

STANDARD PUBLICATIONS.

Chas. Dickens' Complete Works,
15 Vols., 12mo, cloth, gilt, \$22.50.

W. M. Thackeray's Complete
Works, 11 Vols., 12mo, cloth, gilt,
\$16.50.

George Eliot's Complete Works,
8 Vols., 12mo, cloth, gilt, \$10.00.

Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious
Men, 3 Vols., 12mo. cloth, gilt,
\$4.50.

JOHN W. LOVELL CO., Publishers,
14 AND 16 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

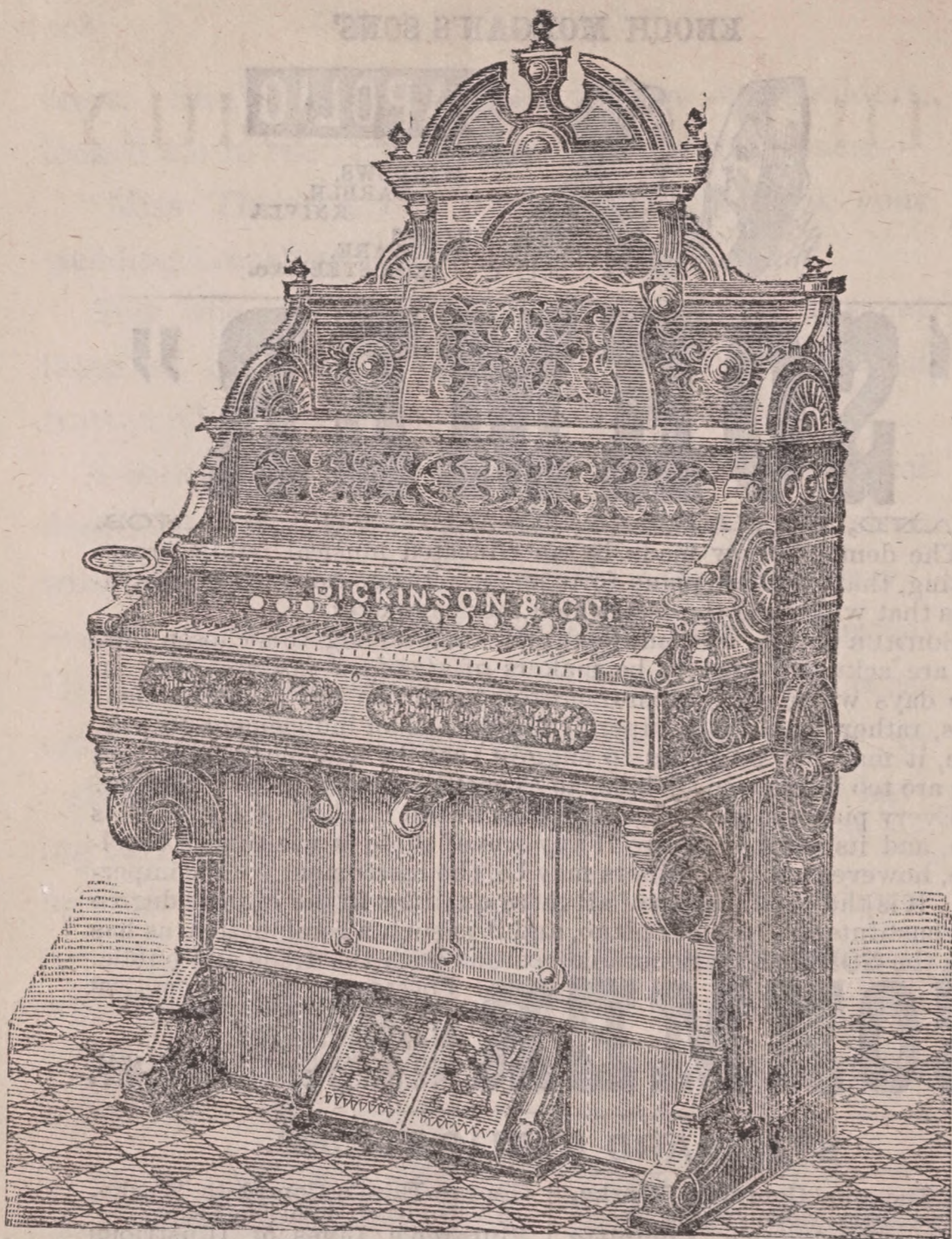
STANDARD PUBLICATIONS.

Rollins' Ancient History, 4 Vols.,
12mo, cloth, gilt, \$6.00.

Charles Knight's Popular His-
tory of England, 8 Vols., 12mo,
cloth, gilt top, \$12.00.

Lovell's Series of Red Line
Poets, 50 Volumes of all the best
works of the world's great Poets.
Tennyson, Shakespere, Milton, Mere-
dith, Ingelow, Proctor, Scott, Byron,
Dante, &c. \$1.25 per volume.

JOHN W. LOVELL CO., Publishers,
14 AND 16 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.



KEYSTONE ORGAN.

The finest organ in the Market. Price reduced from \$175 to \$125. Acclimatized case. Anti-Shoddy and Anti-Monopoly. Not all case, stops, top and advertisement. Warranted for 6 years. Has the Excelsior 18-Stop Combination, embracing: Diapason, Flute, Melodia-Forte, Violina, Aeolina, Viola, Flute-Forte, Celeste, Dulcet, Echo, Melodia, Celestina, Octave Coupler, Tremelo, Sub-Bass, Cello, Grand-Organ Air Brake, Grand-Organ Swell. Two Knee-Stops. This is a Walnut case, with Music Balcony, Sliding Desk, Side Handles, &c. Dimensions: Height, 75 inches; Length, 48 inches; Depth, 24 inches. This 5-Octave Organ, with Stool, Book and Music, we will box and deliver at dock in New York, for \$125. Send by express, prepaid, check, or registered letter to

DICKINSON & CO., Pianos and Organs,

19 West 11th Street, New York.

LOVELL'S LIBRARY.

CATALOGUE.

85. Shandon Bells, by William Black. 20
86. Monica, by The Duchess. 10
87. Heart and Science, by Wilkie Collins. 20
88. The Golden Calf, by Miss M. E. Braddon. 20
89. The Dean's Daughter, by Mrs. Gore. 20
90. Mrs. Geoffrey, by The Duchess. 20
91. Pickwick Papers, Part I. 20
91. Pickwick Papers, Part II. 20
92. Airy Fairy Lillian, by The Duchess. 20
93. McLeod of Dare, by Wm. Black. 20
94. Tempest Tossed, by Tilton, P't I. 20
94. Tempest Tossed, by Tilton, P't II. 20
95. Letters from High Latitudes, by Lord Dufferin. 20
96. Gideon Fleyce, by Henry W. Lucy. 20
97. India and Ceylon, by E. Hæckle. 20
98. The Gypsy Queen, by Hugh De Normand. 20
99. The Admiral's Ward, by Mrs. Alexander. 20
100. Nimport, by E. L. Bynner, P't I. 15
100. Nimport, by E. L. Bynner, P't II. 15
101. Harry Holbrooke, by Sir H. Randall Roberts. 20
102. Tritons, by E. Lassetter Bynner, Part I. 15
102. Tritons, by E. Lassetter Bynner, Part II. 15
103. Let Nothing You Dismay, by Walter Besant. 10
104. Lady Audley's Secret, by Miss M. E. Braddon. 20
105. Woman's Place To-Day, by Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake. 20
106. Dunallan, by Kennedy, Part I. 15
106. Dunallan, by Kennedy, Part II. 15
107. Housekeeping and Home-Making, by Marion Harland. 15
108. No New Thing, by W. E. Norris. 20
109. The Spoopendyke Papers, by Stanley Huntley. 20
110. False Hopes, by Goldwin Smith. 15
111. Labor and Capital, by Edward Kellogg. 20
112. Wanda, by Ouida, Part I. 15
112. Wanda, by Ouida, Part II. 15
113. More Words About the Bible, by Rev. Jas. S. Bush. 20
114. Monsieur Lecoq, by Gaboriau, P't I. 20
114. Monsieur Lecoq, by Gaboriau, P't II. 20
115. An Outline of Irish History, by Justin H. McCarthy. 10
116. The Lerouge Case, by Gaboriau. 20
117. Paul Clifford, by Lord Lytton. 20
118. A New Lease of Life, by About. 20
119. Bourbon Lillies. 20
120. Other Peoples' Money, by Emile Gaboriau. 20
121. The Lady of Lyons, by Lord Lytton. 10
122. Ameline de Bourg. 15
123. A Sea Queen, by W. Clark Russell. 20
124. The Ladies Lindores, by Mrs. Oliphant. 20
125. Haunted Hearts, by J. P. Simpson. 10
126. Loys, Lord Beresford, by The Duchess. 20
127. Under Two Flags, by Ouida, P't I. 20
127. Under Two Flags, by Ouida, P't II. 20
128. Money, by Lord Lytton. 10
129. In Peril of His Life, by Gaboriau. 20
130. India, by Max Müller. 20
131. Jets and Flashes. 20
132. Moonshine and Marguerites, by The Duchess. 10
133. Mr. Scarborough's Family, by Anthony Trollope, Part I. 15
133. Mr. Scarborough's Family, by Anthony Trollope, Part II. 15
134. Arden, by A. Mary F. Roberts. 15
135. The Tower of Percemont, by George Sand. 20
136. Yolande, by Wm. Black. 20
137. Cruel London, by Joseph Hatton. 20
138. The Gilded Clique, by Gaboriau. 20
139. Pike County Folks, by E. H. Mott. 20
140. Cricket on the Hearth, by Dickens. 10
141. Henry Esmond, by Thackeray. 20
142. Strange Adventures of a Phaeton, by Wm. Black. 20
143. Denis Duval, by W. M. Thackeray. 10
144. Old Curiosity Shop, by Charles Dickens, Part I. 15
144. Old Curiosity Shop, by Charles Dickens, Part II. 15
145. Ivanhoe, by Scott, Part I. 15
145. Ivanhoe, by Scott, Part II. 15
146. White Wings, by Wm. Black. 20
147. The Sketch Book, by Irving. 20
148. Catherine, by W. M. Thackeray. 10
149. Janet's Repentance, by Eliot. 10
150. Barnaby Rudge, Dickens Part I. 15
150. Barnaby Rudge, Dickens Part II. 15
151. Felix Holt, by George Eliot. 20
152. Richelieu, by Lord Lytton. 10
153. Sunrise, by Wm. Black Part I. 15
153. Sunrise, by Wm. Black Part II. 15
154. Tour of the World in 80 Days. 20
155. Mystery of Orcival, Gaboriau. 20
156. Lovel, The Widower, by W. M. Thackeray. 10
157. The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid, by Thos. Hardy. 10
158. David Copperfield, Part I. 20
158. David Copperfield, Part II. 20
159. Charlotte Temple. 10
160. Rienzi, by Lord Lytton, Part I. 10
160. Rienzi, by Lord Lytton, Part II. 10
161. Promise of Marriage, Gaboriau. 25
162. Faith and Unfaith, The Duchess. 15
163. The Happy Man, Samuel Lover. 10
164. Barry Lyndon, by Thackeray. 20
165. Eyre's Acquittal, Helen Mathers. 10
166. 20,000 Leagues under the Sea, by Verne. 20

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.



Vitalized Phos-phites,

COMPOSED OF THE NERVE-GIVING PRINCIPLES OF
THE OX-BRAIN AND WHEAT-GERM.

It restores the energy lost by Nervousness or Indigestion ; relieves Lassitude and Neuralgia ; refreshes the nerves tired by worry, excitement, or excessive brain fatigue ; strengthens a failing memory, and gives renewed vigor in all diseases of Nervous Exhaustion or Debility. It is the only PREVENTIVE FOR CONSUMPTION.

It aids wonderfully in the mental and bodily growth of infants and children. Under its use the teeth come easier, the bones grow better, the skin plumper and smoother ; the brain acquires more readily, and rests and sleeps more sweetly. An ill-fed brain learns no lessons, and is excusable if peevish. It gives a happier and better childhood.

“It is with the utmost confidence that I recommend this excellent preparation for the relief of indigestion and for general debility ; nay, I do more than recommend, I really urge all invalids to put it to the test, for in several cases personally known to me signal benefits have been derived from its use. I have recently watched its effects on a young friend who has suffered from indigestion all her life. After taking the VITALIZED PHOSPHITES for a fortnight she said to me ; ‘I feel another person ; it is a pleasure to live.’ Many hard-working men and women—especially those engaged in brain work—would be saved from the fatal resort to chloral and other destructive stimulants, if they would have recourse to a remedy so simple and so efficacious.”

EMILY FAITHFULL.

PHYSICIANS HAVE PRESCRIBED OVER 600,000 PACKAGES BECAUSE THEY KNOW ITS COMPOSITION, THAT IT IS NOT A SECRET REMEDY AND THAT THE FORMULA IS PRINTED ON EVERY LABEL

For Sale by Druggists or by Mail, \$1.

F. CROSBY CO., 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, New York.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00023045485

